

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 933.—19 April, 1862.

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THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. Littell, Son, & Co., Boston. Price, 25 cents. This work is understood to be by the author of Adam Bede.

☞ In 934, 935, and 936, we shall begin and complete "The Woman I Loved, and The Woman who Loved me."

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THE STEAMER CONNECTICUT

Carrying a Regiment through the Highlands.

BY "A. L."

Down through our bright mountain passes

The Northern wind faintly brings

A sound that is sweet and thrilling,

And full of unuttered things :

It's the brazen clangor of trumpets,

And the measured notes of the drum,

And cymbals and fife and cornet,

As onward the volunteers come.

There's a "Hail to Columbia" breaking

The murmur of woods and rills ;

And Washington's march is sounding

With its war-tramp among the hills.

So nearer, and ever nearer,—

And we gather around the door,

And stand there in deep heart-silence,

As many a time before.

Our eyes take but grave, brief notice

Of the brightness of earth and sky,—

There's a more soul-rousing glory

In that dark spot passing by.

There are young lives freely offered,

And prospects and hopes laid down ;

There are fair heads bared to the death-blow,

Or marked for the victor's crown.

See where, on their mighty transport,

The volunteers crowd the decks,

Their black soldier-caps, in the distance,

Diminished to tiny specks.

A vision of blue hides the steamer,

All over, as with a haze ;

But a heavier veil, like to raindrops,

Comes over my sight as I gaze.

Do they know, these volunteer soldiers,

As down our broad river they glide,

What sort of a welcome awaits them,

Deep hid in the woods on each side ?

They know that the hills are in glory,

They can see how the blue waters roll,—

Do they feel the low prayers ascending

From the depth of each woman's soul ?

They can see that the sky is its clearest,

That the sun has its brightest glow ;

That the Stars and Stripes flutter before them,

In triumph wherever they go :

Do they know how the hearts are throbbing,

Do they know how the eyes are wet

With a deep, high grief and gladness,

At this part of the Nation's debt ?

Ah me : I am only a woman,—

Not even my voice is strong

To give them a rousing welcome

A cheer as they pass along.

But hark ! how the men are cheering,

All down along the shore ;

And the crews of the passing vessels

Give out another roar ;

And once more the echoes waken,

As the blue-coats answer back,—

And the steamer is round the headland,

And the waters close over her track.

October, 1861.

THE WAY WE WENT TO BEAUFORT.

FULL fifty sail we were that day,

When out to sea we sped away,

With a feeling of brooding mystery ;

Bound—there was no telling where,

But well we knew there was strife to share,

And we felt our mission was bound to bear

A place in heroic history.

The man at the helm, nothing knew he,

As he stirred his ship out into the sea,

On that morn of radiant beauty ;

And the ships outspread their wings, and flew

Like sea-birds over the water blue,

One thought alone each man of us knew—

How best to do our duty.

Not a breath of wherefore or why was heard,

Not a doubting thought or a doubting word,

Or idle speculation ;

But a spirit of inspiring trust

Filled each man's breast, as it always must,

When leaders are brave, and a cause is just,

And ours the cause of the nation.

And thus we went—the hurricane's breath

Was felt in our track, like the blast of death,

But we had no thought of turning ;

Onward and onward the good fleet sped,

Locked in its breast the secret dread,

To break in gloom over treason's head,

Where—we should soon be learning.

But brave Dupont and Sherman knew

Where the bolt should light, and each gallant crew

Was ready to heed their orders.

Port Royal, Ho ! and a bright warm day,

We made land many miles away,

And suddenly there before us lay

Fierce Carolina's borders.

The mystery was all compassed then,

And the hearts of sea-sick, weary men,

Cheered up, the prospect viewing ;

There is that grit in the human mind,

However gentle, or good, or kind,

That is always to double its fist inclined,

When near where a fight is brewing.

The rebel guns waked a fearful note

From our rifled cannon's open throat,

And our shells flew fast and steady.

The battle is over—the strife is done—

The Stars and Bars from the forts have run—

The blow is struck, and victory won—

Beaufort is ours already !

And then we sailed to the beautiful town,

Where we tore the emblem of treason down,

And planted the starry banner ;

And the breezes of heaven seemed to play

With its folds in a tender and loving way,

As though they were proud to welcome the day,

And the old familiar manner.

A thrill pervaded the loyal land,

When the gladdening tidings came to hand ;

Each heart felt joy's emotion !

The clouds of gloom and doubt dispersed,

The sun of hope through the darkness burst,

And the zeal the patriot's heart had nursed,

Burned with a warmer devotion.

—Boston Saturday Gazette, Nov. 16.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the remarkable encounter which had thus happened to the young minister, life went on with him in the dulllest routine for some days. Thursday came, and he had to go to Mrs. Brown's tea-party, where in the drawing-room up-stairs, over the Devonshire Dairy, after tea, and music, and the diversions of the evening, he conducted prayers to the great secret satisfaction of the hostess, who felt that the superior piety of her entertainment entirely made up for any little advantage in point of gentility which Mrs. Tozer, with a grown-up daughter fresh from a boarding-school, might have over her. On Friday evening there was the singing-class at the chapel, which Mr. Vincent was expected to look in upon, and from which he had the privilege of walking home with Miss Tozer. When he arrived with his blooming charge at the private door, the existence of which he had not hitherto been aware of, Tozer himself appeared to invite the young pastor to enter. This time it was the buttermilk's unadorned domestic hearth to which Mr. Vincent was introduced. This happy privacy was in a little parlor, which, being on the same floor with the butter-shop, naturally was not without a reminiscence of the near vicinity of all those hams and cheeses—a room nearly blocked up by the large family-table, at which, to the disgust of Phoebe, the apprentices sat at meal-times along with the family. One little boy, distinguished out of doors by a red worsted comforter, was, besides Phoebe, the only member of the family itself now at home; the others being two sons, one in Australia, and the other studying for a minister, as Mrs. Tozer had already informed her pastor, with motherly pride. Mrs. Tozer sat in an easy-chair by the fire darning stockings on this October night; her husband, opposite to her, had been looking over his greasy books, one of which lay open upon a little writing-desk, where a bundle of smaller ones in red leather, with "Tozer, cheesemonger," stamped on them in gilt letters, lay waiting Phoebe's arrival to be made up. The Benjamin of the house sat half-way down the long table with his slate working at his lessons. The margin of space round this long table scarcely counted in the aspect of the room. There was space enough for chairs to be set round it, and that was all: the

table, with its red-and-blue cover and the faces appearing about it, constituted the entire scene. Mr. Vincent stood uneasily at a corner when he was brought into the apartment, and distinctly placed himself at table, as if at a meal, when he sat down.

"Do you now take off your great-coat, and make yourself comfortable," said Mrs. Tozer; "there's a bit of supper coming presently. This is just what I like, is this. A party is very well in its way, Mr. Vincent, sir; but when a gen'leman comes in familiar, and takes us just as we are, that's what I like. We never can be took wrong of an evening, Tozer and me; there's always a bit of something comfortable for supper; and after the shop's shut in them long evenings, time's free. Phoebe, make haste and take off your things. What a color you've got, to be sure, with the night air! I declare, pa, somebody must have been saying something to her, or she'd never look so bright."

"I dare say there's more things than music gets talked of at the singing," said Tozer, thus appealed to. "But she'd do a deal better if she'd try to improve her mind than take notice what the young fellows say."

"O pa, the idea! and before Mr. Vincent too," cried Phoebe—"to think I should ever dream of listening to anything that *anybody* might choose to say!"

Vincent, to whom the eyes of the whole family turned, grinned a feeble smile, but, groaning in his mind, was totally unequal to the effort of saying anything. After a moment's pause of half-disappointed expectation, Phoebe disappeared to take off her bonnet; and Mrs. Tozer, bestirring herself, cleared away the desk and books, and went into the kitchen to inquire into the supper. The minister and the deacon were accordingly left alone.

"Three more pews applied for this week—fifteen sittings in all," said Mr. Tozer; "that's what I call satisfactory, that is. We mustn't let the steam go down—not on no account. You keep well at them of Sundays, Mr. Vincent, and trust to the managers, sir, to keep 'em up to their dooty. Me and Mr. Tufton was consulting the other day. He says as we oughtn't to spare you, and you oughtn't to spare yourself. There hasn't been such a opening not in our connection for fifteen year. We all look to you to go into it, Mr. Vincent. If all goes as I

expect, and you keep up as you're doing, I see no reason why we shouldn't be able to put another fifty to the salary next year."

"Oh!" said poor Vincent, with a miserable face. He had been rather pleased to hear about the "opening," but this matter-of-fact encouragement and stimulus threw him back into dismay and disgust.

"Yes," said the deacon, "though I wouldn't advise you, as a young man settin' out in life, to calculate upon it, yet we all think it's more than likely; but if you was to ask my advice, I'd say to give it 'em a little more plain—meaning the Church folks. It's expected of a new man. I'd touch 'em up in the State Church line, Mr. Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies, and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fishermen as was the start of it all; there's a deal to be done in that way. It always tells; and my opinion is as you might secure the most part of the young men and thinkers, and them as can see what's what, if you lay it on pretty strong. Not," added the deacon, remembering in time to add that necessary salve to the conscience—"not as I would have you neglect what's more important; but, after all, what *is* more important, Mr. Vincent, than freedom of opinion and choosing your own religious teacher? You can't put Gospel truth in a man's mind till you've freed him out of them bonds. It stands to reason—as long as he believes just what he's told, and has it all made out for him the very words he's to pray, there may be feelin', sir, but there can't be no spiritual understandin' in that man."

"Well, one can't deny that there have been enlightened men in the Church of England," said the young Nonconformist, with lofty candor. "The inconsistencies of the human mind are wonderful; and it is coming to be pretty clearly understood in the intellectual world, that a man may show the most penetrating genius, and even the widest liberality, and yet be led a willing slave in the bonds of religious rite and ceremony. One cannot understand it, it is true; but in our clearer atmosphere we are bound to exercise Christian charity. Great as the advantages are on our side of the question, I would not willingly hurt the feelings of a sincere Churchman, who, for anything I know, may be the best of men."

Mr. Tozer paused with a "humph!" of uncertainty; rather dazzled with the fine language, but doubtful of the sentiment. At length light seemed to dawn upon the excellent buttermilk. "Bless my soul! that's a new view," said Tozer; "that's taking the superior line over them! My impression is as that would tell beautiful. Eh! it's famous, that is! I've heard a many gentlemen attacking the Church, like, from down below, and giving it her about her money and her greatness, and all that; but our clearer atmosphere—there's the point! I always knew as you was a clever young man, Mr. Vincent, and expected a deal from you; but that's a new view, that is!"

"O pa, dear! don't be always talking about chapel business," said Miss Phæbe, coming in. "I am sure Mr. Vincent is sick to death of Salem. I am sure his heart is in some other place now; and if you bore him always about the chapel, he'll never, never take to Carlingford. O Mr. Vincent, I am sure you know it is quite true!"

"Indeed," said the young minister, with a sudden recollection, "I can vouch for my heart being in Carlingford, and nowhere else;" and as he spoke his color rose. Phæbe clapped her hands with a little semblance of confusion.

"Oh, la!" cried that young lady, "that is *quite* as good as a confession that you have lost it, Mr. Vincent. Oh, I am so interested! I wonder who it can be!"

"Hush, child; I dare say we shall know before long," said Mrs. Tozer, who had also rejoined the domestic party; "and don't you color up or look ashamed, Mr. Vincent. Take my word, it's the very best a young minister can do. To be sure, where there's a quantity of young ladies in a congregation, it sometimes makes a little dispeace; but there aint to say many to choose from in Salem."

"La, mamma, how *can* you think it's a lady in Salem?" cried Phæbe, in a flutter of consciousness.

"O you curious thing!" cried Mrs. Tozer: "she'll never rest, Mr. Vincent, till she's found it all out. She always was, from a child, a dreadful one for finding out a secret. But don't you trouble yourself; it's the best thing a young minister can do."

Poor Vincent made a hasty effort to exculpate himself from the soft impeachment, but

with no effect. Smiles, innuendoes, a succession of questions asked by Phœbe, who retired, whenever she had made her remark, with conscious looks and pink blushes, perpetually renewed this delightful subject. The unlucky young man retired upon Tozer. In desperation he laid himself open to the less troublesome infliction of the buttermilk's advice. In the mean time the table was spread, and supper appeared in most substantial and savory shape; the only drawback being, that whenever the door was opened, the odors of bacon and cheese from the shop came in like a musty shadow of the boiled ham and hot sausages within.

"I am very partial to your style, Mr. Vincent," said the deacon; "there's just one thing I'd like to observe, sir, if you'll excuse me. I'd give 'em a coorse; there's nothing takes like a coorse in our connection. Whether it's on a chapter or a book of Scripture, or on a perticklar doctrine, I'd make a pint of giving 'em a coorse if it was me. There was Mr. Bailey, of Parson's Green, as was so popular before he married—he had a historical coorse in the evenings, and a coorse upon the eighth of Romans in the morning; and it was astonishing to see how they took. I walked over many and many's the summer evening myself, he kep' up the interest so. There aint a cleverer man in our body, nor wasn't a better liked as he was then."

"And now I understand he's gone away—what was the reason?" asked Mr. Vincent.

Tozer shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "All along of the women: they didn't like his wife; and my own opinion is, he fell off dreadful. Last time I heard him, I made up my mind I'd never go back again—me that was such an admirer of his; and the managers found the chapel was falling off, and a deputation waited on him; and, to be sure, he saw it his duty to go."

"And oh, she was so sweetly pretty!" cried Miss Phœbe: "but pray, pray, Mr. Vincent, don't look so pale. If you marry a pretty lady, we'll all be so kind to her! We sha'n't grudge her our minister, we shall——"

Here Miss Phœbe paused, overcome by her emotions.

"I do declare there never was such a child," said Mrs. Tozer: "it's none of your busi-

ness, Phœbe. She's a great deal too feelin', Mr. Vincent. But I don't approve, for my part, of a minister marrying a lady as is too grand for her place, whatever Phœbe may say. It's her that should teach suchlike as us humility and simple ways; and a fine lady isn't no way suitable. Not to discourage you, Mr. Vincent, I haven't a doubt, for my part, that you'll make a nice choice."

"I have not the least intention of trying the experiment," said poor Vincent, with a faint smile; then, turning to his deacon, he plunged into the first subject that occurred to him. "Do you know a Mrs. Hilyard in Back Grove Street?" asked the young minister. "I went to see her the other day. Who is she, or where does she belong to, can you tell me?—and which of your great ladies in Carlingford is it," he added, with a little catching of his breath after a momentary pause, "who visits that poor lady? I saw a carriage at her door."

"Meaning the poor woman at the back of the chapel?" said Tozer—"I don't know nothing of her, except that I visited there, sir, as you might do, in the way of dooty. Ah! I fear she's in the gall of bitterness, Mr. Vincent; she didn't take my 'umble advice, sir, not as a Christian ought. But she comes to the chapel regular enough; and you may be the means of putting better thoughts into her mind; and as for our great ladies in Carlingford," continued Mr. Tozer, with the air of an authority, "never a one of them, I give you my word, would go out of her way a-visiting to one of the chapel folks. They're a deal too bigoted for that, especially them at St. Roque's."

"O pa, how can you say so?" cried Phœbe, "when it's very well known that ladies go everywhere, where the people are very, very poor; but then Mr. Vincent said a poor lady. Was it a nice carriage? The Miss Wodehouses always walk, and so does Mrs. Glen, and all the Strangeways. Oh, I know! it was the young Dowager—that pretty, pretty lady, you know, mamma, that gives the grand parties, and lives in Grange Lane. I saw her carriage going up the lane by the chapel once. O Mr. Vincent, wasn't she very, very pretty, with blue eyes and brown hair?"

"I could not tell you what kind of eyes and hair they were," said Mr. Vincent, trying hard to speak indifferently, and quite succeeding so far as Phœbe Tozer was con-

cerned; for who could venture to associate the minister of Salem, even as a victim, with the bright eyes of Lady Western? I thought it strange to see her there, whoever she was."

"Oh, how insensible you are!" murmured Phæbe, across the table. Perhaps, considering all things, it was not strange that Phæbe should imagine her own pink bloom to have dimmed the young pastor's appreciation of other beauty.

"But it was Mrs. Hilyard I inquired about, and not this Lady—Lady what, Miss Phæbe?" asked the reverend hypocrite; "I don't profess to be learned in titles, but hers is surely a strange one. I thought dowager was another word for an old woman."

"She's a beautiful young creature," broke in the butterman. "I mayn't approve of such goings-on, but I can't shut my eyes. She deals with me regular, and I can tell you the shop looks like a different place when them eyes of hers are in it. She's out of our line, and she's out of your line, Mr. Vincent," added Tozer, apologetically, coming down from his sudden enthusiasm, "or I mightn't say as much as I do say, for she's gay, and always a giving parties, and spending her life in company, as I don't approve of; but to look in her face, you couldn't say a word against her—nor I couldn't. She might lead a man out of his wits, and I wouldn't not to say blame him. If the angels are nicer to look at, it's a wonder to me!"

Having reached to this pitch of admiration, the alarmed butterman came to a sudden pause, looked round him somewhat dismayed, wiped his forehead, rubbed his hands, and evidently felt that he had committed himself, and was at the mercy of his audience. Little did the guilty Tozer imagine that never before—not when giving counsel upon chapel business in the height of wisdom, or complimenting the sermon as only a chapel-manager, feeling in his heart that the seats were letting, could—had he spoken so much to the purpose in young Vincent's hearing, or won so much sympathy from the minister. As for the female part of the company, they were at first too much amazed for speech. "Upon my word, papa!" burst from the lips of the half-laughing, half-angry Phæbe. Mrs. Tozer, who had been cutting bread with a large knife, hewed at her great

loaf in silence, and not till that occupation was over divulged her sentiments.

"Some bread, Mr. Vincent?" said at last that injured woman: "that's how it is with all you men. Niver a one, however you may have been brought up, nor whatever pious ways you may have been used to, can stand out against a pretty face. Thank goodness, *we* know better. Beauty's but skin deep, Mr. Vincent; and, for my part, I can't see the difference between one pair o' eyes and another. I dare say I see as well out of mine as Lady Western does out o' hers, though Tozer goes on about 'em. It's a mercy for the world, women aint carried away so; and to hear a man as is the father of a family, and ought to set an example, a talking like this in his own house! What is the minister to think, Tozer? and Phæbe, a girl as is as likely to take up notions about her looks as most? It's what I didn't expect from you."

"La, mamma! as if there was any likeness between Lady Western and me!" cried Phæbe, lifting a not unexpectant face across the table. But Mr. Vincent was not equal to the occasion. In that *locale*, and under these circumstances, a tolerable breadth of compliment would not have shocked anybody's feelings; but the pastor neglected his opportunities. He sat silent, and made no reply to Phæbe's look. He even at this moment, if truth must be told, devoted himself to the well-filled plate which Mrs. Tozer's hospitality had set before him. He would fain have made a diversion in poor Tozer's favor had anything occurred to him in the thrill of sudden excitement which Tozer's declaration had surprised him into. As it was, tingling with anxiety to hear more of that unknown enchantress, whose presence made sunshine even in the butterman's shop, no indifferent words would find their way to Vincent's lips. So he bestowed his attentions instead upon the comfortable supper to which everybody around him, quite unexcited by this little interlude, was doing full justice, and, not venturing to ask, listened with a palpitating heart.

"You see, Mr. Vincent," resumed Mrs. Tozer, "that title of 'the young Dowager' has been given to Lady Western by them as is her chief friends in Carlingford. Such little things comes to our knowledge as they mightn't come to other folks in our

situation, by us serving the best families, There's but two families in Grange Lane as don't deal with Tozer, and one of them's a new-comer as knows no better, and the other a stingy old bachelor, as we wouldn't go across the road to get his custom. A well-kept house must have its butter, and its cheese, and its ham regular; but when there's but a man and a maid, and them nigh as bilious as the master, and picking bits of cheese as one never heard the name of, and as has to be sent to town for, or to the Italian shop, it stands to reason neither me nor Tozer cares for a customer like that."

"O ma, what *does* Mr. Vincent care about the customers?" cried Phœbe, in despair.

"He might, then, before all's done," said the deaconess. "We couldn't be as good friends to the chapel, nor as serviceable, nor as well thought on in our connection, if it wasn't for the customers. So you see, sir. Lady Western, she's a young lady not a deal older than my Phœbe, but by reason of having married an old man, she has a step-son twice as old as herself, and he's married; and so this gay pretty creature here, she's the Dowager Lady Western. I've seen her with *young* Lady Western, her step-daughter-in-law, and young Lady Western was a deal older, and more serious looking, and knew twenty times more of life than the Dowager—and you may be sure she don't lose the opportunity to laugh at it neither—and so that's how the name arose."

"Thank you for the explanation; and I suppose, of course, she lives in Grange Lane," said the pastor, still bending with devotion over his plate.

"Dear, dear, you don't eat nothing, Mr. Vincent," cried his benevolent hostess; "that comes of study, as I'm always a telling Tozer. A deal better, says I, to root the minister out, and get him to move about for the good of his health, than to put him up to sermons and coorses, when we're all as pleased as Punch to start with. She lives in Grange Lane, to be sure, as they most all do as is anything in Carlingford. Fashion's all—but I like a bit of stir and life myself, and couldn't a-bear them close walls. But it would be news in Salem that we was spending our precious time a-talking over a lady like Lady Western; and as for the woman at the back of the chapel, don't

you be led away to go to everybody as Mrs. Brown sends you to, Mr. Vincent. She's a good soul, but she's always a picking up somebody. Tozer's been called up at twelve o'clock, when we were all a-bed, to see somebody as was dying; and there was no dying about it, but only Mrs. Brown's way. My son, being at his eddication for a minister, makes me feel mother-like to a young pastor, Mr. Vincent. I'd be grateful to anybody as would give my boy warning when it comes to be his time."

"I almost wonder," said Vincent, with a little natural impatience, "that you did not struggle on with Mr. Tufton for a little longer, till your son's education was finished."

Mrs. Tozer held up her head with gratified pride. "He'll be two years before he's ready, and there's never no telling what may happen in that time," said the pleased mother, forgetting how little favorable to her guest was any anticipated contingency. The words were very innocently spoken, but they had their effect upon Vincent. He made haste to extricate himself from the urgent hospitality which surrounded him. He was deaf as ever to Miss Phœbe's remarks, and listened with a little impatience to Tozer's wisdom. As soon as he could manage it, he left them, with abundant material for his thoughts. "There's never no telling what may happen in that time," rang in his ears as he crossed George Street to his lodging, and the young minister could scarcely check the disgust and impatience which were rising in his mind. In all the pride of his young intellect, to be advised by Tozer—to have warning stories told him of that unfortunate brother in Parson's Green, whose pretty wife made herself obnoxious to the deacons' wives—to have the support afforded by the butlerman to the chapel thrown in his face with such an undisguised claim upon his gratitude—O Heaven, was this what Homerton was to come to? Perhaps he had been brought here, in all the young flush of his hopes, only to have the life crushed out of him by those remorseless chapel-managers, and room made over his tarnished fame and mortified expectations—over his body, as the young man said to himself in unconscious heroics—for young Tozer's triumphant entrance. On the whole, it was not to be supposed

that to see himself at the mercy of such a limited and jealous coterie—people proud of their liberality to the chapel, and altogether unable to comprehend the feelings of a sensitive and cultivated mind—could be an agreeable prospect to the young man. Their very approbation chafed him; and if he went beyond their level, or exceeded their narrow limit, what mercy was he to expect, what justice, what measure of comprehension? He went home with a bitterness of disgust in his mind far more intense and tragical than appeared to be at all necessary in the circumstances, and which only the fact that this was his first beginning in real life, and that his imagination had never contemplated the prominent position of the butter-shop and the Devonshire Dairy, in what he fondly called his new sphere, could have justified. Perhaps no new sphere ever came up to the expectations of the neophyte; but to come, if not with too much gospel, yet with an intellectual Christian mission, an evangelist of refined nonconformity, an apostle of thought and religious opinion, and to sink suddenly into “coorses” of sermons and statistics of seat-letting in Salem—into tea-parties of deacons’ wives, and singing-classes—into the complacent society of those good people who were conscious of doing so much for the chapel and supporting the minister—that was a downfall not to be lightly thought of. Salem itself, and the new pulpit, which had a short time ago represented to poor Vincent that tribune from which he was to influence the world, that point of vantage which was all a true man needed for the making of his career, dwindled into a miserable scene of trade before his disenchanted eyes—a preaching shop, where his success was to be measured by the seat-letting, and his soul decanted out into periodical issue under the seal of Tozer & Co. Such, alas! were the indignant thoughts with which, the old Adam rising bitter and strong within him, the young Nonconformist hastened home.

And She was Lady Western—the gayest and brightest and highest luminary in all the society of Carlingford. As well love the moon, who no longer descends to Endymion, as lift presumptuous eyes to that sweeter planet which was as much out of reach of the Dissenting minister. Poor fellow! his

room did not receive a very cheerful inmate when he shut the door upon the world, and sat down with his thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

It was about this time, when Mr. Vincent was deeply cast down about his prospects, and saw little comfort before or around him, and when, consequently, an interest apart from himself, and which could detach his thoughts from Salem and its leading members, was of importance, that his mother’s letters began to grow specially interesting. Vincent could not quite explain how it was, but unquestionably those female epistles had expanded all at once; and instead of the limited household atmosphere hitherto breathing in them—an atmosphere confined by the straight cottage walls, shutting in the little picture which the absent son knew so well, and in which usually no figure appeared but those of his pretty sister Susan, and their little servant, and a feminine neighbor or two—instead of those strict household limits, the world, as we have said, had expanded round the widow’s pen; the cottage walls or windows seemed to have opened out to disclose the universe beyond: life itself, and words the symbols of life, seemed quickened and running in a fuller current; and the only apparent reason for all this revolution was that one new acquaintance had interrupted Mrs. Vincent’s seclusion,—one only visitor, who, from an unexpected call, recorded with some wonderment a month or two before, had gained possession of the house apparently, and was perpetually referred to—by Susan, in her gradually shortening letters, with a certain timidity and reluctance to pronounce his name—by the mother with growing frequency and confidence. Vincent, a little jealous of this new influence, had out of the depth of his own depression written with some impatience to ask who this Mr. Fordham was, and how he had managed to establish himself so confidentially in the cottage, when his mother’s letter astounded him with the following piece of news:—

“MY DEAREST BOY,—Mr. Fordham is, or at least will be—or, if I must be cautious, as your poor dear papa always warned me I should—wishes very much, and I hope will succeed in being—your brother, my own

Arthur. This is sudden news, but you know, and I have often told you, that a crisis always does seem to arrive suddenly; however much you may have been looking for it, or making up your mind to it, it does come like a blow at the time; and no doubt there is something in human nature to account for it, if I was a philosopher, like your dear papa and you. Yes, my dear boy, that is how it is. Of course, I have known for some time past that he must have had a motive—no mother could long remain ignorant of that; and I can't say but what, liking Mr. Fordham so much, and seeing him *every way so unexceptionable*, except, perhaps, in the way of means, which we know nothing about, and which I have always thought a secondary consideration to character, as I always brought up my children to think, I was very much pleased. For you know, my dear boy, life is uncertain with the strongest; and I am becoming an old woman, and you will marry no doubt, and what is to become of Susan unless she does the same? So I confess I was pleased to see Mr. Fordham's inclinations showing themselves. And now, dear Arthur, I've given them my blessing, and they are as happy as ever they can be, and nothing is wanting to Susan's joy but your sympathy. I need not suggest to my dear boy to write a few words to his sister to make her feel that he shares our happiness; for Providence has blessed me in affectionate children, and I can trust the instincts of my Arthur's heart; and O my dear son, how thankful I ought to be, and how deeply I ought to feel God's blessings! He has been a father to the fatherless, and the strength of the widow. To think that before old age comes upon me, and while I am still able to enjoy the sight of your prosperity, I should have the happiness of seeing you comfortably settled, and in the way to do your master's work, and make yourself a good position, and Susan so happily provided for, and instead of losing her, a new son to love—indeed, I am overpowered, and can scarcely hold up my head under my blessings.

"Write immediately, my dearest boy, that we may have the comfort of your concurrence and sympathy, and I am always with much love,

"My Arthur's loving mother,

"E. S. VINCENT.

"P.S.—Mr. Fordham's account of his circumstances seems quite satisfactory. He is not in any profession, but has enough, he says, to live on very comfortably, and is to give me more particulars afterwards; which, indeed, I am ashamed to think he could imagine necessary, as it looks like want of

trust, and as if Susan's happiness was not the first thing with us—but indeed I must learn to be prudent and *self-interested* for your sakes."

It was with no such joyful feelings as his mother's that Vincent read this letter. Perhaps it was the jealousy with which he had heard of this unknown Mr. Fordham suddenly jumping into the friendship of the cottage which made him contemplate with a most glum and suspicious aspect the stranger's promotion into the love of Susan, and the motherly regard of Mrs. Vincent. "Hang the fellow! who was he?" the young minister murmured over his spoiled breakfast: and there appeared to him in a halo of sweet memories as he had never seen them in reality, the simple graces of his pretty sister, who was as much above the region of the Phœbe Tozers as that ineffable beauty herself who had seized with a glance the vacant throne of poor Arthur Vincent's heart. There was nothing ineffable about Susan—but her brother had seen no man even in Homerton whom he would willingly see master of her affections; and he was equally startled, dissatisfied, and alarmed by this information. Perhaps his mother's unworldliness was excessive. He imagined that he would have exacted more positive information about the fortunes of a stranger who had suddenly appeared without any special business there, who had no profession, and who might disappear lightly as he came, breaking poor Susan's heart. Mr. Vincent forgot entirely the natural process by which, doubtless his mother's affections had been wooed and won as well as Susan's. To him it was a stranger who had crept into the house, and gained ascendancy there. Half in concern for Susan, half in jealousy for Susan's brother eclipsed, but believing himself to be entirely actuated by the former sentiment, the young minister wrote his mother a hurried, anxious, not too good-tempered note, begging her to think how important a matter this was, and not to come to too rapid a conclusion; and after he had thus relieved his feelings, went out to his day's work in a more than usually uncomfortable frame of mind. Mrs. Vincent congratulated herself upon her son's happy settlement, as well as upon her daughter's engagement. What if Mr. Fordham should turn out as unsatisfactory as Salem

Chapel? His day's work was a round of visits, which were not very particularly to Mr. Vincent's mind. It was the day for his weekly call upon Mr. Tufton and various other members of the congregation not more attractive; and at Siloam Cottage he was reminded of Mrs. Hilyard, whom he had not seen again. Here at least was something to be found different from the ordinary level. He went up to Back Grove Street, not without a vague expectation in his mind, wondering if that singular stranger would look as unlike the rest of his flock to-day as she had done on the former occasion. But when Vincent emerged into the narrow street, what was that unexpected object which threw the young man into such sudden agitation? His step quickened unconsciously into the rapid, silent stride of excitement. He was at the shabby door before any of the onlookers had so much as perceived him in the street. For once more the narrow pavement owned a little tattered crowd gazing at the pawing horses, the big footman, the heavenly chariot; and doubtless the celestial visitor must be within.

Mr. Vincent did not pause to think whether he ought to disturb the interview which, no doubt, was going on up-stairs. He left himself no time to consider punctilios or even to think what was right in the matter. He went up with that swell of excitement somehow winging his feet and making his footsteps light. How sweet that low murmur of conversation within as he reached the door! Another moment and Mrs. Hilyard herself opened it, looking out with some surprise, her dark thin head, in its black lace kerchief, standing out against the bit of shabby drab-colored wall visible through the opening of the door. A look of surprise for one moment, then a gleam of something like mirth lighted in the dark eyes, and the thin lines about her mouth moved, though no smile came. "It is you, Mr. Vincent?—come in," she said. "I should not have admitted any other visitor, but you shall come in, as you are my ghostly adviser. Sit down. My dear, this gentleman is my minister and spiritual guide."

And She, sitting there in all her splendor, casting extraordinary lights of beauty around her upon the mean apartment, perfuming the air and making it musical with that rus-

tle of woman's robes which had never been out of poor Vincent's ears since he saw her first;—She lifted her lovely face, smiled, and bowed her beautiful head to the young man who could have liked to go down on his knees, not to ask anything, but simply to worship. As he dared not do that, he sat down awkwardly upon the chair Mrs. Hilyard pointed to, and said, with embarrassment, that he feared he had chosen a wrong time for his visit, and would return again—but nevertheless did not move from where he was.

"No, indeed; I am very glad to see you. My visitors are not so many, now-a-days, that I can afford to turn one from the door because another chooses to come the same day. My dear, you understand Mr. Vincent has had the goodness to take charge of my spiritual affairs," said the mistress of the room, sitting down in her dark poor dress, beside her beautiful visitor, and laying her thin hands, still marked with traces of the coarse blue color which rubbed off her work, and of the scars of the needle, upon the table where that work lay. "Thank Heaven, that's a luxury the poorest of us needs not deny herself. I liked your sermon last Sunday, Mr. Vincent. That about the fashion of treating serious things with levity, was meant for me. Oh, I didn't dislike it, thank you! One is pleased to think one's self of so much consequence. There are more ways of keeping up one's *amour propre* than *your* way, my lady. Now, don't you mean to go? You see I cannot possibly unburden my mind to Mr. Vincent while you are here."

"Did you ever hear anything so rude?" said the beauty, turning graciously to the young minister. "You call me a great lady, and all sorts of things, Rachel; but I never could be as rude as you are, and as you always were as long as I remember."

"My dear, the height of good-breeding is to be perfectly ill-bred when one pleases," said Mrs. Hilyard, taking her work upon her knee and putting on her thimble; "but though you are wonderfully pretty, you never had the makings of a thorough fine lady in you. You can't help desiring to please everybody—which, indeed, if there were no women in the world," added that sharp observer, with a sudden glance at

Vincent, who saw the thin lines again move about her mouth, "you might easily do without giving yourself much trouble. Mr. Vincent, if this lady wont leave us, might I trouble you to talk? For two strains of thought, carried on at the same moment, now that I'm out of society, are too exhausting to me."

With which speech she gravely pinned her work to her knee, threaded her needle with a long thread of blue cotton, and began her work with the utmost composure, leaving her two visitors in the awkward *tête-à-tête* position which the presence of a third person, entirely absorbed in her own employment, with eyes and face abstracted, naturally produces. Never in his life had Vincent been so anxious to appear to advantage—never had he been so totally deprived of the use of his faculties. His eager looks, his changing color, perhaps interceded for him with the beautiful stranger, who was not ignorant of those signs of subjugation which she saw so often.

"I think it was you that were so good as to clear the way for me the last time I was here," she said, with the sweetest grace, raising those lovely eyes, which put even Tozer beside himself, to the unfortunate pastor's face. "I remember fancying you must be a stranger here, as I had not seen you anywhere in society. Those wonderful little wretches never seem to come to any harm. They always appear to me to be scrambling among the horses' feet. Fancy, Rachel, one of those boys who flourish in the back streets, with such rags—oh, such rags! you could not possibly *make* them, if you were to try, with scissors—such perfection must come of itself; had just pushed in before me, and I don't know what I should have done, if Mr. — (I beg your pardon) —if *you* had not cleared the way."

"Mr. Vincent," said Mrs. Hilyard, breaking in upon Vincent's deprecation. "I am glad to hear you had somebody to help you in such a delicate distress. We poor women can't afford to be so squeamish. What! are you going away? My dear, be sure you say down-stairs that you brought that poor creature some tea and sugar, and how grateful she was. That explains everything, you know, and does my lady credit at the same time. Good-by. Well, I'll kiss you if you insist upon it; but what can Mr. Vincent

think to see such an operation performed between us? There! my love, you can make the men do what you like, but you know of old you never could conquer me."

"Then you will refuse over and over again—and you don't mind what I say—and you know he's in Lonsdale, and why he's there, and all about him——"

"Hush," said the dark woman, looking all the darker as she stood in that bright creature's shadow. "I know, and always will know, wherever he goes, and that he is after evil wherever he goes; and I refuse, and always will refuse,—and my darling pretty Alice," she cried, suddenly going up with rapid vehemence to the beautiful young woman beside her, and kissing once more the delicate rose-cheek to which her own made so great a contrast, "I *don't* mind in the least what you say."

"Ah, Rachel, I don't understand you," said Lady Western, looking at her wistfully.

"You never did, my dear; but don't forget to mention about the tea and sugar as you go down-stairs," said Mrs. Hilyard, subsiding immediately, not without the usual gleam in her eyes and movement of her mouth, "else it might be supposed you came to have your fortune told, or something like that; and I wish your ladyship *bon voyage*, and no encounter with ragged boys in your way. Mr. Vincent," she continued, with great gravity, standing in the middle of the room, when Vincent, trembling with excitement, afraid, with the embarrassing timidity of inferior position, to offer his services, yet chafing in his heart to be obliged to stay, reluctantly closed the door which he had opened for Lady Western's exit, "tell me why a young man of your spirit loses such an opportunity of conducting the greatest beauty in Carlingford to her carriage? Suppose she should come across another ragged boy, and faint on the stairs?"

"I should have been only too happy; but as I am not so fortunate as to know Lady Western," said the young minister, hesitating, "I feared to presume——"

With an entirely changed aspect his strange companion interrupted him. "Lady Western could not think that any man whom she met in *my* house presumed in offering her a common civility," said Mrs. Hilyard, with the air of a duchess, and an imperious gleam out of her dark eyes. Then she rec-

collected herself, gave her startled visitor a comical look, and dropped into her chair, before which that coarsest of poor needlewoman's work was lying. "My house! it does look like a place to inspire respect, to be sure," she continued, with a hearty perception of the ludicrous, which Vincent was much too pre-occupied to notice. "What fools we all are! but my dear Mr. Vincent, you are too modest. My Lady Western could not frown upon anybody who honored her with such a rapt observation. Don't fall in love with her, I beg of you. If she were merely a flirt, I shouldn't mind, but out of her very goodness she's dangerous. She can't bear to give pain to anybody, which of course implies that she gives double and treble pain when the time comes. There! I've warned you; for of course you'll meet again."

"Small chance of that," said Vincent, who had been compelling himself to remain quiet, and restraining his impulse, now that the vision had departed, to rush away out of the impoverished place, "Small chance of that," he repeated, drawing a long breath, as he listened with intent ears to the roll of the carriage which carried Her away; "society in Carlingford has no room for a poor Dissenting minister."

"All the better for him," said Mrs. Hilyard, regarding him with curious looks, and discerning with female acuteness the haze of excitement and incipient passion which surrounded him. "Society's all very well for people who have been brought up in it; but for a young recluse like you, that don't know the world, it's murder. Don't look affronted. The reason is, you expect too much—twenty times more than anybody ever finds. But you don't attend to my philosophy. Thinking of your sermon, Mr. Vincent? And how is our friend the butlerman? I trust life begins to look more cheerful to you under his advice."

"Life?" said the pre-occupied minister, who was gazing at the spot where that lovely apparition had been; "I find it change its aspects perpetually. You spoke of Lonsdale just now, did you not? Is it possible that you know that little place? My mother and sister live there."

"I am much interested to know that you have a mother and sister," said the poor

needlewoman before him, looking up with calm, fine-lady impertinence in his face.

"But you did not hear me speak of Lonsdale; it was her ladyship who mentioned it. As for me, I interest myself in what is going on close by, Mr. Vincent. I am quite absorbed in the chapel; I want to know how you get on, and all about it. I took that you said on Sunday about levity deeply to heart. I entertain a fond hope that you will see me improve under your ministrations, even though I may never come up to the butlerman's standard. Some people have too high an ideal. If you are as much of an optimist as your respected deacon, I fear it will be ages before I can manage to make you approve of me."

Vincent's wandering thoughts were recalled a little by this attack. "I hope," he said, rousing himself, "that you don't think me so inexperienced as not to know that you are laughing at me? But indeed I should be glad to believe that the services at the chapel might sometimes perhaps be some *comfort* to you," added the young pastor, assuming the dignity of his office. He met his penitent's eyes at the moment, and faltered, moon-struck as he was, wondering if she saw through and through him, and knew that he was neither thinking of consolation nor of clerical duties, but only of those lingering echoes which, to any ears but his own, were out of hearing. There was little reason to doubt the acute perceptions of that half-amused, half-malicious glance.

"*Comfort!*" she cried; "what a very strange suggestion to make! Why, all the old churches in all the old ages have offered comfort. I thought you new people had something better to give us; enlightenment," she said, with a gleam of secret mockery, throwing the word like a stone—"religious freedom, private judgment. Depend upon it, that is the *rôle* expected from you by the butlerman. *Comfort!* one has that in Rome."

"You never can have that but in conjunction with truth, and truth is not to be found in Rome," said Vincent pricking up his ears at so familiar a challenge.

"We'll not argue, though you do commit yourself by an assertion," said Mrs. Hilyard; "but O you innocent young man, where is the comfort to come from? Comfort will not

let your seats and fill your chapel, even granting that you knew how to communicate it. I prefer to be instructed, for my part. You are just at the age, and in the circumstances, to do that."

"I fear you still speak in jest," said the minister, with some doubt, yet a little gratification; "but I shall be only too happy to have been the means of throwing any light to you upon the doctrines of our faith."

For a moment the dark eyes gleamed with something like laughter. But there was nothing ill-natured in the amusement with which his strange new friend contemplated the young pastor in the depressions and confidences of his youth. She answered with a mock gravity which, at that moment, he was by no means clear-sighted enough to see through.

"Yes," she said, demurely, "be sure you take advantage of your opportunities, and instruct us as long as you have any faith in instruction. Leave consolation to another time: but you don't attend to me, Mr. Vincent; come another day: come on Monday, when I shall be able to criticise your sermons, and we shall have no Lady Western to put us out. Those beauties are confusing, don't you think? Only, I entreat you, whatever you do, don't fall in love with her; and now, since I know you wish it, you may go away."

Vincent stammered a faint protest as he accepted his dismissal, but rose promptly, glad to be released. Another thought, however, seemed to strike Mrs. Hilyard as she shook hands with him.

"Do your mother and sister in Lonsdale keep a school?" she said. "Nay, pray don't look affronted. Clergymen's widows and daughters very often do in the Church. I meant no impertinence in this case. They don't? well, that is all I wanted to know. I dare say they are not likely to be in the way of dangerous strangers. Good-by; and you must come again on Monday, when I shall be alone."

"But—dangerous strangers—may I ask you to explain?" said Vincent, with a little alarm, instinctively recurring to his threatened brother-in-law, and the news which had disturbed his composure that morning before he came out.

"I can't explain; and you would not be any the wiser," said Mrs. Hilyard, peremptorily. "Now, good-morning. I am glad

they don't keep a school; because, you know," she added, looking full into his eyes, as if defying him to make any meaning out of her words, "it is very tiresome, tedious work, and wears poor ladies out. There!—good-by; next day you come I shall be very glad to see you, and we'll have no fine ladies to put us out."

Vincent had no resource but to let himself out of the shabby little room which this strange woman inhabited as if it had been a palace. The momentary alarm roused by her last words, and the state of half offence, half interest, into which, notwithstanding his pre-occupation, she had managed to rouse him, died away, however, as he re-entered the poor little street, which was now a road in Fairyland instead of a lane in Carlingford, to his rapt eyes. Golden traces of those celestial wheels surely lingered still upon the way; they still went rolling and echoing over the poor young minister's heart, which he voluntarily threw down before that heavenly car of Juggernaut. Every other impression faded out of his mind, and the infatuated young man made no effort of resistance, but hugged the enchanted chain. He had seen Her—spoken with Her—henceforward was of her acquaintance. He cast reason to the winds, and probability, and every convention of life. Did anybody suppose that all the world leagued against him could prevent him from seeing her again? He went home with an unspeakable elation, longing, and excitement, and at the same time with a vain floating idea in his mind that, thus inspired, no height of eloquence was impossible to him, and that triumph of every kind was inevitable. He went home, and got his writing-desk, and plunged into his lecture, nothing doubting that he could transfer to his work that glorious tumult of his thoughts; and with his paper before him, wrote three words, and sat three hours staring into the roseate air, and dreaming dreams as wild as any Arabian tale. Such was the first effort of that chance encounter, in which the personages were not Lady Western and the poor Dissenting minister, but Beauty and Love, perennial hero and heroine of the romance that never ends.

CHAPTER VI.

It was only two days after this eventful meeting that Vincent, idling and meditative

as was natural in such a condition of mind, strayed into Masters' shop to buy some books. It would have been difficult for him to have explained why he went there, except, perhaps, because it was the last place in the world which his masters at the chapel would have advised him to enter. For there was another bookseller in the town, an evangelical man, patronized by Mr. Bury, the whilom rector, where all the Tract Society's publications were to be had, not to speak of a general range of literature quite wide enough for the minister of Salem. Masters' was a branch of the London Masters, and, as might be supposed, was equally amazed and indignant at the intrusion of a Dissenter among its consecrated book-shelves. He was allowed to turn over all the varieties of the *Christian Year* on a side-table before any of the attendants condescended to notice his presence; and it proved so difficult to find the books he wanted, and so much more difficult to find anybody who would take the trouble of looking for them, that the young Nonconformist, who was sufficiently ready to take offence, began to get hot and impatient, and had all but strode out of the shop, with a new mortification to record to the disadvantage of Carlingford. But just as he began to get very angry, the door swung softly open, and a voice became audible, lingering, talking to somebody before entering. Vincent stopped speaking, and stared in the shopman's astonished face when these tones came to his ear. He fell back instantly upon the side-table and the *Christian Year*, forgetting his own business, and what he had been saying—forgetting everything except that She was there, and that in another moment they would stand again within the same walls. He bent over the much-multiplied volume with a beating heart, poising in one hand a tiny miniature copy just made to slip within the pocket of an Anglican waistcoat, and in the other the big red-leaved and morocco-bound edition, as if weighing their respective merits—put beside himself, in fact, if the truth must be told, oblivious of his errand, his position—of everything but the fact that She was at the door. She came in with a sweet flutter and rustle of sound, a perfumed air entering with her, as the unsuspected enthusiast thought, and began to lavish smiles, for which he would have given half his life, upon the people of the place,

who flew to serve her. She had her tablets in her hand, with a list of what she wanted, and held up a dainty forefinger as she stood reading the items. As one thing after another was mentioned, Masters and his men darted off in search of it. There were fortunately enough to give each of them a separate errand, and the principal ranged his shining wares upon the counter before her, and bathed in her smiles, while all his satellites kept close at hand, listening with all their ears for another commission. Blessed Masters! happy shopmen! that one who looked so blank when Vincent stopped short at the sound of her voice and stared at him, had forgotten all about Vincent. She was there; and if a little impromptu litany would have pleased her ladyship, it is probable that it would have been got up on the spot after the best models, and that even the Nonconformist would have waived his objections to liturgical worship and led the responses. But Masters' establishment offered practical homage—only the poor Dissenting minister, divided between eagerness and fear, stood silent, flushed with excitement, turning wistful looks upon her, waiting till perhaps she might turn round and see him, and letting fall out of his trembling fingers those unregarded editions of the Anglican lyre.

"And two copies of the *Christian Year*," said Lady Western, suddenly. "Oh, thank you so much! but I know they are all on the side-table, and I shall go and look at them. Not the very smallest copy, Mr. Masters, and not that solemn one with the red edges; something pretty, with a little ornament and gilding: they are for two little *protégées* of mine. Oh, here is exactly what I want! another one like this, please. How very obliging all your people are," said her ladyship, benignly, as the nearest man dashed off headlong to bring what she wanted—"but I think it is universal in Carlingford; and indeed the manners of our country people in general have improved very much of late. Don't you think so? oh, there can't be a question about it!"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am sure; but perhaps, my lady, it is not safe to judge the general question from your ladyship's point of view," said the polite bookseller with a bow.

"Oh, pray don't say so; I should be wretched if I thought you took more trouble

for me than for other people, said the young Dowager, with a sweetness which filled Vincent's heart with jealous pangs. She was close by his side—so close that those sacred robes rustled in his very ear, and her shawl brushed his sleeve. The poor young man took off his hat in a kind of ecstasy. If she did not notice him, what did it matter?—silent adoration, speechless homage, could not affront a queen.

And it was happily very far from affronting Lady Western. She turned round with a little curiosity, and looked up in his face. "O Mr.—Mr. Vincent," cried the beautiful creature, brightening in recognition. "How do you do? I suppose you are a resident in Carlingford now, are not you? Pardon me, that I did not see you when I came in. How very, very good it is of you to go and see my—my friend! Did you ever see anything so dreadful as the place where she lives? and isn't she an extraordinary creature? Thank you, Mr. Masters; that's exactly what I want. I do believe she might have been Lord Chancellor, or something, if she had not been a woman," said the enchantress, once more lifting her lovely eyes with an expression of awe to Vincent's face.

"She seems a very remarkable person," said Vincent. "To see her where she is, makes one feel how insignificant are the circumstances of life."

"Really! now, how do you make out that?" said Lady Western; "for, to tell the truth, I think, when I see her, oh, how important they are! and that I'd a great deal rather die than live so. But you clever people take such strange views of things. Now tell me how you make that out?"

"Nay," said Vincent, lowering his voice with a delicious sense of having a subject to be confidential upon, "you know what conditions of existence all her surroundings imply; yet the most ignorant could not doubt for a moment her perfect superiority to them—a superiority so perfect," he added, with a sudden insight which puzzled even himself, "that it is not necessary to assert it."

"Oh, to be sure," said Lady Western, coloring a little, and with a momentary hauteur, "of course a Russ—I mean a gentiewoman—must always look the same to a certain extent! but, alas! I am only a very commonplace little woman," continued the beauty, brightening into those smiles which

perhaps might be distributed too liberally, but which intoxicated for the moment every man on whom they fell. "I think those circumstances which you speak of so disrespectfully are everything! I have not a great soul to triumph over them. I should break down, or they would overcome me—oh, you need not shake your head! I know I am right so far as I myself am concerned."

"Indeed I cannot think so," said the intoxicated young man; "you would make any circumstances——"

"What?"

But the bewildered youth made no direct reply. He only gazed at her, grew very red, and said, suddenly, "I beg your pardon," stepping back in confusion, like the guilty man he was. The lady blushed too as her imploring eyes met that unexpected response. Used as she was to adoration, she felt the silent force of the compliment withheld—it was a thousand times sweeter in its delicate suggestiveness and reserve of incense than any effusion of words. They were both a little confused for the moment, poor Vincent's momentary betrayal of himself having somehow suddenly dissipated the array of circumstances which surrounded and separated two persons so far apart from each other in every conventional aspect. The first to regain her place and composure was of course Lady Western, who made him a pretty playful courtesy, and broke into a low, sweet ring of laughter.

"Now I shall never know whether you meant to be complimentary or contemptuous," cried the young Dowager, "which is hard upon a creature with such a love of approbation as our friend says I have. However, I forgive you, if you meant to be very cutting, for her sake. It is so very kind of you to go to see her, and I am sure she enjoys your visits. Thank you, Mr. Masters, that is all. Have you got the two copies of the *Christian Year*? Put them into the carriage, please. Mr. Vincent, I am going to have the last of my summer-parties next Thursday—twelve o'clock—will you come?—only a cup of coffee, you know, or tea if you prefer it, and talk *au discretion*. I shall be happy to see you, and I have some nice friends, and one or two good pictures; so there you have an account of all the attractions my house can boast of. Do come: it will be my last party this season, and I

rather want it to be a great success," said the syren, looking up with her sweet eyes.

Vincent could not tell what answer he made in his rapture; but the next thing he was properly conscious of was the light touch of her hand upon his arm as he led her to her carriage, some sudden courageous impulse having prompted him to secure for himself that momentary blessedness. He walked forth in a dream, conducting that heavenly vision, and there, outside, stood the celestial chariot with those pawing horses, and the children standing round with open mouth to watch the lovely lady's progress. It was he who put her in with such pride and humbleness as perhaps only a generous but inexperienced young man, suddenly surprised into passion, could be capable of—ready to kiss the hem of her garment, or do any other preposterous act of homage—and just as apt to blaze up into violent self-assertion should any man attempt to humble him who had been thus honored. While he stood watching the carriage out of sight, Masters himself came out to tell the young Nonconformist, whose presence that dignified tradesman had been loftily unconscious of a few minutes before, that they had found the book he wanted; and Vincent, thrilling in every pulse with the unlooked-for blessedness which had befallen him, was not sorry, when he dropped out of the clouds at the bookseller's accost, to re-enter that place where this enchantment still hovered, by way of calming himself down ere he returned to those prose regions which were his own lawful habitation. He saw vaguely the books that were placed on the counter before him—heard vaguely the polite purring of Masters' voice, all-solicitous to make up for the momentary incivility with which he had treated a friend of Lady Western—and was conscious of taking out his purse and paying something for the volume, which he carried away with him. But the book might have been Sanscrit for anything Mr. Vincent cared—and he would have paid any fabulous price for it with the meekest resignation. His attempt to appear moderately interested, and to conduct this common transaction as if he had all his wits about him, was sufficient occupation just at this moment. His head was turned. There should have been roses blossoming all along the bare pavement of George Street to account for the sweet

gleams of light which warmed the entire atmosphere as he traversed that commonplace way. Not only the interview just passed, but the meeting to come, bewildered him with an intoxicating delight. Here, then, was the society he had dreamed of, opening its perfumed doors to receive him. From Mrs. Tozer's supper-table to the bowery gates of Grange Lane was a jump which, ten days ago, would of itself have made the young minister giddy with satisfaction and pleasure. Now these calm emotions had ceased to move him; for not society, but a sweeter syren, had thrown chains of gold round the unsuspecting Nonconformist. With Her, Back Grove Street was Paradise. Where her habitation was, or what he should see there, was indifferent to Vincent. He was again to meet Herself.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days which intervened between this meeting and Lady Western's party were spent in a way which the managers of Salem would have been far from approving of. Mr. Vincent, indeed, was rapt out of himself, out of his work, out of all the ordinary regions of life and thought. When he sat down to his sermons, his pen hung idly in his hand, and his mind, wilfully cheating itself by that semblance of study, went off into long delicious reveries, indescribable, intangible—a secret sweet intoxication which forbade labor, yet nourished thought. Though he sometimes did not write a word in an hour, so deep was the aspect of studiousness displayed by the young pastor at his writing-desk, and so entire the silence he maintained in his room, shut up in that world of dreams which nobody knew anything of, that his landlady, who was one of his hearers, communicated the fact to Tozer, and expatiated everywhere upon the extreme devotion to study displayed by the new minister. Old Mr. Tufton, who had been in the habit of putting together the disjointed palaver which he called a sermon on the Saturday morning, shook his head over the information, and doubted that his young brother was resorting more to carnal than to spiritual means of filling his chapel; but the members of Salem generally heard the rumor with pride, and felt a certain distinction accrue to themselves from the possibility that their pastor might ruin his health by over-study.

It was a new sensation in Salem; and the news, as it was whispered about, certainly came to the ears of a few of those young men and thinkers, principally poor lawyers' clerks and drapers' assistants, whom Tozer was so anxious to reach, and drew two or three doubtful, genteel hearers to the chapel, where Mr. Vincent's sermon, though no better than usual, and in reality dashed off at the last moment in sheer desperation, when necessity momentarily thrust the dreams away, was listened to with a certain awe and devout attention, solely due to the toil it was reported to have cost. The young minister himself came out of the pulpit remorseful and ashamed, feeling that he had neglected his duty, and thoroughly disgusted with the superficial production, just lighted up with a few fiery sentences of that eloquence which belongs to excitement and passion, which he had just delivered. But Tozer and all the deacons buzzed approbation. They were penetrated with the conviction that he had worked hard at his sermon, and given them his best, and were not to be undeceived by the quality of the work itself, which was a secondary matter. More deeply disgusted and contemptuous than ever was the young pastor at the end of that Sunday—disgusted with himself to have done his work so poorly—contemptuous of those who were pleased with it—his heart swelling with mortified pride to think that what he thought so unworthy of him was more appreciated than his best efforts. For he did not know the report that had gone abroad; he did not know that, while brooding over his own rising passion, and absorbed in dreams with which Salem had nothing to do, the little world around him was complacently giving him credit for a purpose of wearing himself out in its behalf. The sermons so hastily written, thrust into a corner by the overpowering enchantment of those reveries, were not the only sin he had to charge against himself. He could not bring himself to bear the irksome society that surrounded him, in the state of elevation and excitement he was in. Tozer was unendurable, and Phæbe to be avoided at all costs. He did not even pay his promised visit to Mrs. Hilyard, nor go to Siloam Cottage as usual. In short, he spent the days in a kind of dream, avoiding all his duties, paying no visits, doing no

pastoral work, neglecting the very sermon over which his landlady saw him hanging so many silent hours, without knowing that all the vacant atmosphere between him and that blank sheet of paper, in which she saw nothing, was peopled with fairy visitants and unreal scenes to the dreamy eyes of her lodger. Such were the first effects of Circe's cup upon the young minister. He indulged himself consciously, with apologetic self-remonstrances as Thursday approached. After that day, life was to go on as usual. No—not as usual—with a loftier aim and a higher inspiration; but the season of dreams was to be over when he had real admittance into that Eden garden, where the woman of all women wandered among her flowers. He thought what he was to say to her on that eventful day—how he should charm her into interest in his difficulties, and beautify his office, and the barren spot in which he exercised it, with her sympathy. He imagined himself possessed of her ear, certain of a place by her side, a special guest of her own election. He was not vain, nor deeply persuaded of his own importance; yet all this seemed only natural to his excited imagination. He saw himself by her side in that garden of beatitudes, disclosing to her all that was in his heart; instinctively he recalled all that the poets have said of woman the consoler—woman the inspirer. When he had gained that priceless sympathy, what glorious amends he should make for the few days' indolence to which he now gave way! Thus in his inexperience he went on, preparing for himself, as any one a little wiser could have seen at a glance, one of the bitterest disappointments of early life.

Thursday came, a day of days—such a day as people reckon by months after; a soft and bright autumnal morning, breathing like spring. As Vincent issued from his own door and took his way along George Street to Grange Lane, he saw the curate of St. Roque's walking before him in the same direction; but Mr. Wentworth himself was not more orthodoxly clerical in every detail of his costume than was the young Nonconformist, who was going, not to Lady Western's breakfast-party, but into the Bower of Bliss, the fool's paradise of his youth. Mr. Wentworth, it is true, was to see Lucy Wodehouse there, and was a true

lover; but he walked without excitement to the green gate which concealed from him no enchanted world of delights, but only a familiar garden, with every turn of which he was perfectly acquainted, and which, even when Lucy was by his side, contained nothing ineffable or ecstatic. It was, to tell the truth, an autumnal garden, bright enough still with scarlet gleams of geranium and verbena, with a lawn of velvet smoothness, and no great diminution as yet in the shade of acacias and lime-trees, and everything in the most perfect order in the trim shrubberies, through the skilful mazes of which some bright groups were already wandering, when Vincent passed through to the sunny open door. At the open windows within he could see other figures in a pleasant flutter of gay color and light drapery, as he advanced breathless to take his own place in that unknown world. He heard his own name announced, and went in, with a chill of momentary doubt upon his high expectations, into the airy sunshiny room, with its gay, brilliant, rustling crowd, the ladies all bright and fresh in their pretty morning-dresses, and the din of talk and laughter confusing his unaccustomed ears. For a moment the stranger stood embarrassed, looking round him, eagerly investigating the crowd for that one face, which was not only the sole face of woman in the world so far as he was concerned, but in reality the only face he knew in the gay party, where everybody except himself knew everybody else. Then he saw her, and his doubts were over. When she perceived him, she made a few steps forward to meet him and held out her hand.

"I am so glad to see you—how kind of you to come!" said Lady Western; "and such a beautiful day—just what I wanted for my last fête. Have you seen my friend again since I saw you, Mr. Vincent—quite well, I hope? Now, do have some coffee—How do you do, Mr. Wentworth? You have been here full five minutes, and you have never paid your respects to me. Even under the circumstances, you know, one cannot overlook such neglect."

"I am too deeply flattered that your ladyship should have observed my entrance to be able to make any defence," said the curate of St. Roque's who could speak to

her as to any ordinary woman; "but as for circumstances——"

"Oh dear, yes, we all know," cried Lady Western, with her sweet laugh. "Was it you, Mr. Vincent, who were saying that circumstances were everything in life? oh, no, I beg your pardon, quite the reverse. I remember it struck me as odd and clever. Now, I dare say, you two could quite settle that question. I am such an ignoramus. So kind of you to come!"

Vincent, was about to protest his delight in coming, and to deprecate the imputation of kindness, but ere he had spoken three words, he suddenly came to a stop, perceiving that not only Lady Western's attention but her ear was lost, and that already another candidate for her favor had possession of the field. He stepped back into the gay assembly, disturbing one group, the members of which all turned to look at him with well-bred curiosity. He stood quite alone and silent for some time, waiting if, perhaps, he could catch the eye of Lady Western. But she was surrounded, swept away, carried off even from his neighborhood, while he stood gazing. And here was he left, out of the sunshine of her presence in the midst of Carlingford society, knowing nobody, while every face smiled and every tongue was busy but his own—talk *au discretion!* such there certainly was, but Vincent had never in his life felt so preposterously alone, so dismally silent, so shut up in himself. If he had come to woo society, doubtless he could have plucked up a spirit, and made a little effort for his object. But he had come to see Her, flattering himself with vain dreams of securing her to himself—of wandering by her side through those garden-paths, of keeping near her whenever she moved—and the dream had intoxicated him more deeply than even he himself was aware of. Now he woke to his sober wits with a chill of mortification and disappointment not to be expressed. He stood silent, following her with his eyes as she glided about from one corner to the other of the crowded room. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. Beautiful as she had always been, she was lovelier than ever to-day, with her fair head uncovered and unadorned, her beautiful hair glancing in the gleams of sunshine, her tiny hands ungloved. Poor Vincent

drew near a window, when it dawned upon his troubled perception that he was standing amidst all those chattering, laughing people, a silent statue of disappointment and dismay, and from that little refuge watched her as she made her progress. And, alas! Lady Western assured everybody that they were "so kind" to come—she distributed her smiles, her kind words, everywhere. She beamed upon the old men and the young, the handsome and the stupid, with equal sweetness. After awhile, as he stood watching, Vincent began to melt in his heart. She was hostess—she had the party's pleasure to think of, not her own. If he could but help her, bring himself to her notice again in some other way! Vincent made another step out of his window, and looked out eagerly with shy scrutiny. Nobody wanted his help. They stared at him, and whispered questions who he was. When he at length nerved himself to speak to his next neighbor, he met with a courteous response and no more. Society was not cruel, or repulsive, or severely exclusive, but simply did not know him, could not make out who he was, and was busy talking that conversation of a limited sphere full of personal allusions into which no stranger could enter. Instead of the ineffable hour he expected, an embarrassing, unbearable tedium was the lot of the poor Dissenting minister by himself among the beauty, wit, and fashion of Carlingford. He would have stolen away but for the forlorn hope that things might mend—that Lady Western might return, and that the sunshine he had dreamed of would yet fall upon him. But no such happiness came to the unfortunate young minister. After awhile, a perfectly undistinguished middle-aged individual charitably engaged Mr. Vincent in conversation; and as they talked, and while the young man's eager wistful eyes followed into every new combination of the little crowd that one fair figure which had bewitched him, it became apparent that the company was flowing forth into the garden. At last Vincent stopped short in the languid answer he was making to his respectable interlocutor with a sudden start and access of impatience. The brilliant room had suddenly clouded over. She had joined her guests outside. With bitterness, and a sharp pang at his heart, Vincent looked round and wondered

to find himself in the house, in the company, from which she had gone. What business had he there? No link of connection existed between him and this little world of unknown people except herself. She had brought him here; she alone knew even so much of him as his name. He had not an inch of ground to stand on in the little alien assembly when she was not there. He broke off his conversation with his unknown sympathizer abruptly, and rushed out, meaning to leave the place. But somehow, fascinated still, in a hundred different moods a minute, when he got outside, he too lingered about the paths, where he continually met with groups and stray couples who stared at him, and wondered again, sometimes not inaudibly, who he was. He met her at last under the shadow of the lime-trees with a train of girls about her, and a following of eager male attendants. When he came forward lonely to make his farewell, with a look in which he meant to unite a certain indignation and reproach with still chivalrous devotion, the unconscious beauty met him with unabated sweetness, held out her hand as before, and smiled the most radiant of smiles.

"Are you going to leave us already?" she said, in a tone which half persuaded the unlucky youth to stay till the last moment, and swallow all his mortifications. "So sorry you must go away so soon! and I wanted to show you my pictures too. Another time, I hope, we may have better fortune. When you come to me again, you must really be at leisure, and have no other engagements. Good-by! It was so kind of you to come, and I am so sorry you can't stay!"

In another minute the green door had opened and closed, the fairy vision was gone, and poor Vincent stood in Grange Lane between the two blank lines of garden-wall, come back to the common daylight after a week's vain wandering in the enchanted grounds, half stupefied, half maddened by the disappointment and downfall. He made a momentary pause at the door, gulped down the big indignant sigh that rose in his throat, and, with a quickened step, and a heightened color, retraced his steps along a road which no longer gleamed with any rosy reflections, but was harder, more real, more matter-of-fact than ever it had looked before. What

a fool he had been, to be led into such a false position!—to be cheated of his peace, and seduced from his duty, and intoxicated into such absurdities of hope, all by the gleam of a bright eye, and the sound of a sweet voice! He who had never known the weakness before, to cover himself with ridicule, and compromise his dignity so entirely for the sake of the first beautiful woman who smiled upon him! Poor Vincent! He hurried to his rooms thrilling with projects, schemes, and sudden vindictive ambition. That fair creature should learn that the young Nonconformist was worthy of her notice. Those self-engrossed simperers should yet be startled out of their follies by the new fame rising up amongst them. Who was he, did they ask? One day they should know.

That the young man should despise him-

self for this outbreak of injured feeling, as soon as he had cooled down, was inevitable: but it took some considerable time to cool down; and in the mean time his resolution rose and swelled into that heroic region which youth always attains so easily. He thought himself disenchanted forever. That night, in bitter earnest, he burned the midnight oil—that night his pen flew over the paper with outbreaks, sometimes indignant, sometimes pathetic, on subjects as remote as possible from Lady Western's breakfast-party; and with a sudden revulsion he be thought himself of Salem and its oligarchy, which just now prophesied so much good of their new minister. He accepted Salem with all the heat of passion at that moment. His be the task to raise it and its pastor into a common fame!

THE TRIAL OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES: "A DELICATE INVESTIGATION."—The late Mr. Whitbread stated in his place in the House of Commons in 1812, that this book was suppressed immediately on publication, and bought up at an immense expense, some holders receiving £500, and some as high as £2,000 for their copies. A correspondent of "N. & Q." (H. B.) states in No. 128, 1852, that he was present when the sum of £500 was paid for a copy, by an officer high in the service of the then government.

There is another book, a copy of which lies before me, entitled—

"The Genuine Book, an Inquiry into the conduct of H. R. H. The Princess of Wales, before Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, Commissioners of Inquiry, appointed by his Majesty in the year 1806. Reprinted from an authentic Copy, superintended through the Press by the Rt. Hon. Spencer Perceval. London: Printed by R. Edwards, Craven Court, Fleet Street, and published by W. Lindsell, Wigmore Street, 1813."

Does this latter work contain the whole matter of the *Delicate Investigation*? DELTA.

[We have before us another copy of the same work, with a slight variation in the title-page: "The Genuine Book. An Inquiry, or *Delicate Investigation* into the conduct . . . the four special Commissioners," &c. After "Wigmore Street," follows "Reprinted and sold by M. Jones, 5, Newgate Street, 1813." In the same year also appeared "Edwards's Genuine Edition. 'The Book!' or the Proceedings and Correspondence upon the subject of the Inquiry

into the Conduct of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, under a Commission appointed by the King in the year 1806: faithfully copied from authentic documents. To which is prefixed: A Narrative of the Recent Events that have led to the publication of the original Documents, with a Statement of Facts relative to the Child, now under the protection of Her Royal Highness. Second Edition. London: Printed by and for Richard Edwards, Crane Court, Fleet Street, and sold by all booksellers in the United Kingdom, 1813," 8vo. In the "Advertisement" prefixed, it is stated "This being the only means by which a fair and impartial judgment can be formed upon the '*Delicate Investigation*'—the publisher conceives that he is merely performing an *act of justice* in delivering to the world a genuine and unmutated copy of the *suppressed book*, as it was printed by him in the year 1807, under the direction of the late Mr. Perceval." This "Advertisement" is dated "Crane Court, Fleet Street, March 19, 1813." For a notice of the original work by Spencer Perceval see his *Life and Administration*, by Charles Verulam Williams, pp. 316-328.]—*Notes and Queries*.

[This book was reprinted in America.]

NEW WORD.—"To manufacture by machinery" (to make by hand by machinery), is a contradiction in terms. As we have no word to express machine-made, I would suggest that *machifecture* (machina, facio), analogous to *manifature*, be used F. W. SMITH.

Dublin Library.

From The Popular Science Review.
ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

BY D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

UP to the close of the last century the best contrivances in use for obtaining artificial light were limited to oil lamps of very imperfect and uneconomical construction, and candles of wax and tallow. Blazing torches of pine, ends of rope soaked with tar, and occasional bonfires of tar-barrels, might serve for special occasions, but could hardly be looked upon as available for ordinary purposes, and other better contrivances were unknown. In warm countries, where tolerably pure vegetable oils are easily and cheaply obtained, where the winter nights are not very long, and where, therefore, little artificial light is needed, a piece of twisted cotton or yarn partly resting in a saucer of oil serves all purposes. Lamps of the most elegant form, but of this very simple construction, were in all former times, and are still, used by all classes in Greece and Italy. Such lamps date back to the remotest antiquity, and a sea-shell has no doubt served as their original model. The jar of oil on a shelf always at hand serves indifferently for feeding the lamp and for cooking, and indeed many travellers have recorded, though by no means with satisfaction, that they have seen the very lamp itself, burning in the chimney, taken down from its place in order that a part of its rich contents might be poured out to assist in some savory fry going on below.

In cooler climates, where the winter nights are much longer and where oil readily congeals, lamps were long ago replaced by candles. At first rushes, and afterwards cotton wicks, were dipped in hard animal fat or tallow in a molten state, and when cool were ready for use. A better kind of candle was made after a time, by pouring purified tallow into *moulds* in which twisted wicks were previously fixed; and hence the division of tallow candles into moulds and dips. Both required constant snuffing, and if long neglected were dangerous, owing to the unburnt carbon which collected at the top of the wick, and at last fell off in a state of red-heat.

Candles manufactured from beeswax, purified and bleached by long exposure to the sun and by some chemical processes, served as an admirable but very costly substitute for tallow; but no large quantity could ever have

been obtained, and they could never enter into general use.

The sixty years that have passed since the beginning of this century have witnessed marvellous improvements in almost every article of domestic use, and so much has been added to the stock of common comforts, rendering many of the luxuries of former times quite indispensable, that the habits and tastes of all classes have become affected to an extent little thought of. In this matter of illumination a return to the former condition would involve so complete a subversion of our established customs as to be almost impossible; and this will be evident when we briefly describe the existing sources of artificial light and the present condition of manufacture in respect to them.

Candles are still used to an enormous extent: fifty thousand tons' weight of tallow have been entered for home consumption in England each year during the last quarter of a century; but candles, originally made of tallow alone, although still manufactured of unpurified tallow, are to a great extent becoming replaced by those composed of a substance derived from various animal and vegetable oils. But while the consumption of tallow has remained nearly stationary, the population itself, and the quantity of artificial light of all kinds consumed by each family, have been increasing with great rapidity. Wax, like tallow, has continued to be imported, and is still used as before; and another curious substance — spermaceti — long since made into candles, has never been a common material. Unimproved lamps for burning common oils are also still in very extensive use; but, in addition to all these, many new sources of artificial light have been discovered; one of which, more than all others, has helped to turn night into day. We allude, of course, to the common coal gas, which is not only obtained at once by simple distillation from coal, but the manufacture of which has led to so many and such extraordinary results of other kinds, that it might well be regarded as one of the greatest and most useful discoveries of modern times.

The contrivances now commonly adopted for obtaining artificial light may be grouped under the following heads: *First*, There are tallow candles, which are still largely employed. *Secondly*, Stearine, or compo-

site, and, more recently, paraffine candles, which will ultimately, no doubt, replace tallow in domestic use. *Thirdly*, Wax and spermaceti candles, scarcely altered from their old construction, and which continue to be used for certain purposes, although the consumption is not increasing. *Fourthly*, Animal and vegetable oils used in lamps, either of the old kind or of improved construction. *Fifthly*, Certain mineral oils, such as naphtha, paraffine, and other similar substances, used also in lamps, and replacing oil to some extent. *Sixthly*, Coal gas, obtained by the destructive distillation of all the varieties of coal; and oil gas, obtained by the distillation of oils. There are also two contrivances, one involving combustion in an oxygen atmosphere, and the other making use of the electric spark, which are both remarkable for the intensity of the light produced, but which are at present too costly and unmanageable to enter into general use.

Tallow candles have so unpleasant an odor, they are so apt to gutter or melt more rapidly than the wick can consume the tallow, they so generally smoke and choke the wick and require its constant removal by snuffers, and are so little economical in the most important sense of the term, that they will probably ultimately disappear from use. They are, however, sold at so low a price, and possess so many apparent conveniences, that among the lower classes they must long retain their hold.

The first improvement in the material used for candles dates as far back as 1799, when a person named William Bolts took out a patent by which he proposed to squeeze the tallow after melting, and while in the act of cooling from a melted state. The result of this squeezing would be to separate the tallow in some measure into its component parts; for, although it was not then known, chemists have since discovered that most animal and vegetable fats and oils are composed of at least two distinct solid bodies, one liquid oily substance, and one syrupy substance. Of all these, one only of the solid bodies is that which is really valuable for illuminating purposes. It is called *stearine*, and is the really valuable material in the candle. The syrupy substance above alluded to is now familiarly known and extensively used under the name *glycerine*, and,

as the reader may easily satisfy himself, it gives hardly any light when burnt with a wick. The effect of squeezing melted tallow is to remove a large part of this peculiar substance. The same process was afterwards effected much more completely by chemical action, and is now managed by blowing steam at a high temperature through the melted fat or natural oil.

A series of brilliant experiments by two eminent French chemists, Chevreuil and Gay-Lussac, had so long ago as in 1825 cleared up the whole subject of the composition of fatty matters, their relative value for illumination, and the various methods by which their decomposition could be effected on a large scale; but it is only within a very few years that it has been found possible to practice these methods economically, and separate the *stearine*, which is the material best adapted for making candles, from the other solid contents of tallow and from a peculiar thick oil, which is very valuable for lubricating machinery, and may also be used for burning.

Some of the vegetable oils, especially those from various species of the palm-tree, are now extensively used in the manufacture of composite candles. For this purpose the fatty acids of one kind of palm require to be mixed with *stearine* obtained from another kind of palm oil.

The annoyance of having to snuff candles has been removed by plaiting and twisting the wicks after dipping the cotton in a solution of borax. The way in which this contrivance acts is simple enough. It depends on the fact that flame is a mere shell. Owing to there being no supply of oxygen gas within, a charring of the wick there takes place, as a natural consequence of exposure to the heat, but the carbon remains. When, however, the cotton has been previously twisted, the tension of the threads obliges the wick to curl outwards towards the shell of flame, where it becomes completely burned, while the earthy impurities of the cotton form a glass with the borax, and are thus got rid of without mixing with the fatty acids, which are apt to splutter if not protected in this manner.*

Candles made of the *stearine* of any common fat, whether animal or vegetable, can

* See "Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle," mentioned in our List of Books.

now be prepared so as to imitate and almost rival wax and spermaceti. The latter substance may ultimately be superseded altogether by chemical contrivances; but it is not likely that wax will ever be excluded from our drawing-rooms. The bleaching of wax and its preparation for use in candles have scarcely been altered or simplified, except by some trifling change introduced in the structure of the wick. The material which will ultimately take the place of wax is paraffine, already largely used, but not yet cheap enough to command the market.

Oil lamps have improved marvellously of late years. The ingenious contrivance bearing the name of its French inventor, M. Carcel, was a great step in the right direction. In this lamp the oil is raised by clock-work, so as continually to overflow at the bottom of the burning wick, which is thus never charred. The wick is circular, and a powerful draught of air is made to pass both within and without it by the use of a high glass chimney. Almost any kind of oil burns in it with great splendor, and for a long time without altering the wick. In this, and a number of contrivances known by different names, the principle involved is that of producing as nearly perfect combustion as possible of the oil by carrying a column of air rapidly in the interior of a thin circular sheet of flame. In carrying out the principle thus enunciated, a great and important stride was made towards a good cheap light, and most of the modern alterations have been mere adaptations, applied with more or less ingenuity and taste.

The *moderator* is another form of lamp now in very common use. It involves two or three important principles, one consisting of a powerful spring, whose force is equal to from fifteen to twenty pounds, which presses on a disk and forces the oil up a tube, whence it flows over the burning wick, which is thus always saturated, as in the Carcel lamp. To prevent the oil, however, from flowing over too rapidly, there is placed in the tube an ingenious regulator, or *moderator*, of a tapering shape, which is so contrived as to check and diminish the flow of oil in proportion as the pressure is increased, always allowing sufficient oil to pass to feed the lamp when burning. The oil, being thus supplied with perfect regularity, just saturates a hollow circular wick, through the middle of

which a current of air is constantly drawn by means of a glass chimney. A number of small contrivances introduced by Argand, the inventor of the circular burner, have brought it to a state of extreme perfection.

Common vegetable oils can be burned with advantage in lamps where the current of air is strong and where care is taken that the top of the wick is kept smooth; but all these oils are costly, and the quantity of smoke that arises from the unconsumed fuel is extremely disagreeable. Animal oils are not generally used, owing to the smell they emit when burning.

Mineral oils are now entering into large consumption, and of these the recently introduced *paraffine oil* is one of the most remarkable. It will be necessary to consider a little the nature and preparation of this curious substance, if we would fully understand the very great change that has taken place of late years with regard to the methods of obtaining artificial light.

Paraffine, though only recently manufactured in sufficient quantity to be used practically, has been long since known as one of the products derived from a peculiar destructive distillation of vegetable matter, whether in the state of wood, peat, or coal. Various bituminous shales and other mineral deposits that abound in some parts of the world, also yield the same substance. It is obtained by carrying on the distillation in a retort kept at a low red-heat, the products being received and condensed at a temperature of about 55° Fahr. in a very carefully contrived apparatus. A light oil is the principal result of this operation, and this oil, after being purified and redistilled, is found to be a fluid compound, containing a certain proportion of paraffine oil, which greatly resembles clear transparent naphtha, a somewhat heavier oil, also used for burning, a lubricating oil, and solid paraffine. The light oils yield an intense white light, admirably adapted for general use.

In order to obtain a clear smokeless flame from paraffine oil, it is necessary to take some precautions. Owing to the capillary action of the cotton used as a wick, the fluid oil may be kept at some distance from the flame, so that only the vapor in a heated state is ignited. What actually burns is thus a gas obtained from the paraffine oil by the application of moderate heat.

Many other naphthas (camphene among the number) have from time to time been introduced and tried in lamps; but it is only lately that any satisfactory result has been obtained. A disagreeable odor, not belonging to paraffine itself, and probably not essential to the oil, still characterizes the naphthas commonly prepared and sold; but this can be removed by certain processes of purification, and it may be expected that the consumption of paraffine oil will greatly increase. The paraffine oils have this great advantage over turpentine, and other light oils obtained in a similar way, that they do not burn when exposed directly to flame, and they do not soil linen or adhere to the fingers.

Pure paraffine is itself a soft light solid, without taste or odor, melting at a temperature little above that of the blood (112° Fahr.), and burning with a clear white flame, without smoke or ash. It has already been made into very beautiful candles; but the manufacture at present has not attained great importance, although as much as three hundred tons were employed in this way two years ago. The cost of obtaining pure paraffine is the present cause of this delay in the progress of the manufacture.

The minerals which yield paraffine oil on exposure to a low heat in a retort will yield to destructive distillation at a higher temperature a very large quantity of gas (chiefly carburetted hydrogen), which takes fire readily on exposure to flame; but those best adapted for the one purpose are least fitted for the other. Bituminous shales are best for paraffine oil, and coal for the manufacture of gas. The gas thus obtained, when freed from certain impurities, burns with an intense and nearly pure light, and is the common gas supplied for burning.

So long ago as in the year 1659, and again about eighty years afterwards, gas of this kind, issuing naturally from the ground in the neighborhood of coal-mines, had been the subject of experiments of a scientific nature, which were communicated to the Royal Society, but no practical result was obtained till in 1792, Mr. Murdoch lighted his own house with a similar gas, and was shortly afterwards successful in lighting in the same way the factory of Messrs. Boulton and Watt at Soho. It was not till 1813, that any important step in lighting towns

on a large scale was made, but from that period to the present day the consumption of gas for purposes of illumination has been increasing with such enormous strides that scarcely a town in the civilized world is now unsupplied with this admirable and useful means of turning night into day.

Coal is by no means the only, though it is certainly the principal, material from which gas is obtained. Bituminous shales, oil, resin, peat, and wood, are all capable of yielding a certain supply; and some of these substances, badly adapted for fuel, are extremely valuable for illuminating purposes, owing to the large quantity of light carburetted hydrogen gas that may be obtained from them. The presence of this gas in the actual pores of coal, whence it is given off in large quantities, is often intimated underground by a peculiar singing noise, and in some mines a naked light applied to freshly cut coal will actually produce a flame from numerous small jets. This is probably owing to the great pressure brought to bear upon the remainder, when part of the coal is removed. A very much larger quantity of the same gas is obtained afterwards, by exposing the coal to intense heat in a retort, arranged so that the products of distillation shall be received in convenient vessels for the purification of the gas, and afterwards transmitting it by pipes to the place where it is required for burning.

Although, however, the process of obtaining gas that can be rendered useful for illumination is so simple, that every schoolboy has made the experiment in the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, the mechanical difficulties of applying it on a large scale were at first exceedingly great, and have only lately been overcome in a satisfactory way. All the gaseous substances that are obtained from the combustion of the coal are by no means fit for burning, as they include, besides the gas we use in our streets and houses, several other gases, more or less noxious and useless, and many vapors which require to be separated. Besides these, there are fluid, semi-fluid, and solid products either carried over or left behind. Even the illuminating gases themselves are many in number, and vary in their properties, some having a disagreeable odor, some being unwholesome and therefore objectionable for general use, and others exceedingly valuable as giving pure

white light without adding to the heat of the mixture during combustion. The essential ingredients of illuminating gas are carbon and hydrogen; but all true coal contains, besides these, both oxygen and nitrogen gas and sulphur. These elements, either alone or in various new combinations, are obtained after rapid distillation at high temperature, so that watery vapor, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonate of ammonia, and a variety of compounds, of which paraffine and benzole are the best known, come off with the illuminating gas, and may be collected. They are present in quantities that vary according to the nature of the coal, the temperature employed in distilling, and the length of time occupied in the manufacture.

Not only, therefore, is there left behind in the retort a certain quantity of coke, consisting of the carbon that has not combined with oxygen and hydrogen, mixed with the earthy impurities of the coal; but by various processes several liquid and solid substances, of more or less utility, become condensed on the other side, before the gases are entirely set free. The gases intended for burning require to be purified, so as to get rid more especially of the sulphur compounds and carbonic acid, an operation in which slaked lime is especially useful, as it absorbs large quantities of the most objectionable substances.

The gas being set free in a tolerably pure state, yields, within certain definite limits, a quantity of light greater in proportion to the carbon it contains. For this purpose, the poor and rich gases require to be mixed, the pure light carburetted hydrogen giving very little light at the ordinary temperature at which combustion is effected, and gases with too much carbon giving off smoke while burning. The mixture being made, the maximum light is obtained by a nice arrangement of the quantity of gas allowed to escape, and the draught of air admitted or forced to pass through the flame.

It is unnecessary to describe the ordinary contrivances used as gas-burners, although some of them are much more ingenious than others, and better adapted to give light. On a large scale, however, and in public buildings, the method of lighting that is adopted has such enormous influence on the health and comfort of those exposed to the

atmosphere of the place, that it becomes a matter of the most serious consideration.

There cannot be a doubt that a large proportion of the headaches, sleepiness, and general discomfort felt in public buildings lighted with gas, where no special means are adopted for removing the products of combustion, are due to the accumulation of carbonic acid and other poisonous gases given off during combustion. While gas is burning, it removes from the atmosphere a large quantity of oxygen; and as this is also the result of breathing, the effect is soon felt where a large number of human beings are together. There is but one way of removing this great evil, but fortunately that method is fully adequate. It consists in the use of a ventilating burner, either resembling in its principles of action the burner originally contrived by Faraday, or of a still more simple arrangement, the whole of the jets being connected with an air-chamber and chimney, so placed that the draught carries off at once into the open air every particle of matter produced during combustion. Faraday's burner is an ordinary argand burner, of large size, with a chimney, surrounded by a wider and taller chimney, closed at the top, and opening at the bottom into another tube, that carries away the products of combustion. The star method of illumination involves the use of numerous groups of small jets arranged concentrically, each group being arranged in the form of a star, and the whole forming a brilliant and steady volume of light. This latter is, beyond all comparison, the most pleasant and the brightest light that has yet been obtained artificially. It requires, however, a chamber and large chimney communicating directly with the outer air, and must be placed at the ceiling or roof of the room to be lighted. It is comparatively expensive, consuming a large quantity of gas compared with the available light yielded, and is thus little adapted for general use where economy is considered.

The quantity of good illuminating gas procured from a ton of coal varies greatly according to the nature of the coal and the method of manufacture. By the old process, the yield of gas rarely exceeded ten thousand cubic feet per ton of coal, except from some Cannel coals, especially rich in hydro-

gen; whereas, by what is called White's process, as much as thirty thousand cubic feet have been obtained from ordinary kinds, and fifty thousand from Boghead coal. The illuminating power of the gas made has also been increased by modern improvements, the increase amounting to from twelve to upwards of a hundred per cent on the old method, according to the nature of the coal.

To give an idea of the value of the improvement in artificial light by the introduction of gas, we must enter into some small calculations. Taking sperm candles as the unit (each candle burning ten hours, at the rate of one hundred and twenty grains per hour, and the value being about 4d.), the quantity of ordinary coal required to produce light equal to one thousand such candles (value £16. 13s. 4d.), according to the old method of making gas, varied from four to seven hundredweight; while, if Cannel coal were used, about half that weight would be needed. At present, however, the consumption of coal for this quantity of gas would not exceed from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds of ordinary kinds, and of Cannel, from one hundred and five to one hundred and sixty. With this quantity of coal (value about three shillings in London) from two to three thousand cubic feet of gas are manufactured, so that, under any circumstances, the cost of gaslight, compared with that of sperm candles, is not more than one-fiftieth part. In point of fact, however, with the methods of manufacture now adopted, and the increased illuminating power of the gas, it is estimated that the actual cost of one thousand feet of gas of the best quality is little more than one shilling; so that artificial light really costs not more than one hundredth part the price that it did fifty years ago.

In countries where coal is scarce and dear, wood, peat, and brown-coal all yield, on distillation at very high temperatures, certain illuminating gases, which can be purified for burning, and thus rendered available for general use. It is only very lately that a method of doing this has been adopted with success; but it is said that wood and peat gas are already used with great advantage in many German and Swiss towns.

In addition to the contrivances adopted for obtaining artificial light already alluded to, and in common use throughout the civil-

ized world, there are two others occasionally employed, although not yet produced on such a scale and at such a cost as to be economically important. One of these is merely a modification of ordinary gaslight, involving the use of pure oxygen gas, instead of atmospheric air, as the agent of combustion, and introducing a solid incandescent body, such as lime, to increase the intensity of the illuminating power. The other is the electric light, obtained by bringing into close proximity, without actual contact, two pencils of charcoal, and passing between them a powerful voltaic current. Great difficulty has been experienced in rendering light thus obtained sufficiently steady for any practical purposes, and these difficulties are not yet fully overcome, although a partial success has been obtained in Paris, by methods more simple and less costly than those before used.

And now, in bringing to a close this account of Modern Illumination, let us consider for a moment how far and in what way we are benefited by artificial light, rendered cheap and abundant by so many ingenious contrivances.

Half a century ago, all the great capitals of Europe, although then not half their present size, were dangerous residences to their honest inhabitants, and unmanageable in regard to police supervision, owing to the difficulty of obtaining sufficient artificial light during the long dark nights of winter. The growth of population that has since taken place, and the development of the resources of our own and other countries, would probably have been impossible, without the discovery and rapid introduction of some means of economically and effectually lighting the streets and alleys, which had long served as the haunts of thieves and dangerous characters of all kinds. It is not too much to say that, in this matter alone, the introduction of artificial light has been the main agent employed in effecting a social improvement, compared with which all others are secondary. The millions of cubic feet of gas now burnt nightly in our streets are, beyond comparison, the best, the most permanent, and the least expensive source of security that could have been introduced, and have served, more than anything else, to check those deeds of wrong and violence that darkness cannot fail to shelter, and invariably fosters.

Nor are we less indebted to gas for lighting our public buildings of all kinds. Here, again, the necessity for increased light has enforced a consumption of material which, as far as we can see, no natural supply of oil and tallow could ever have satisfied. Of all these matters the supply, however large, is limited and costly, the cost increasing rapidly as the consumption becomes greater. The gradual but steady improvement in the quality and purity, and the great reduction in the cost, of gas has been met by a corresponding increase in the quantity used.

When so much better and cheaper a light than candles or oil lamps was first introduced and found so useful, it became almost inevitable that the old sources of artificial light should also be improved. Thus candles, as we have said, are now of greatly improved quality; they are made from various materials, formerly thought altogether inapplicable; the best of the present day are hardly more expensive than the worst of half a century ago; while in all important respects, the very materials that rendered the tallow candles of former times a nuisance to everybody, being now separated and applied to their proper uses, are found to possess a value positively greater than that of the com-

bustible material itself, which they at one time interfered with and injured.

The scientific principles of consuming fuel so as to obtain light being also now better understood, there is far less waste than before in our lamps, and some of them are models of mechanical art, obtaining the most perfect result at the smallest expenditure of material. In all these matters the mechanical improvements and the application of chemical principles have gone hand in hand.

It is altogether impossible to exaggerate the value and importance of light; and it is certain that everything done to facilitate the means of obtaining and distributing artificial light cannot fail to be of general benefit to mankind. And if, looking at the glorious orb of day, and remembering all its life-giving properties, we exclaim with the poet,—

“Hail! holy light—offspring of Heaven first born,”

we may, with equal propriety, regard in artificial light, however obtained, a younger, but hardly less useful and important creation, always at hand, requiring a certain development of human intelligence to render it available, but rewarding us by communicating a means of moral and intellectual light, as well as that physical illumination that is so useful and so indispensable.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, UTRECHT.—In Mr. Dineley's MS. tour, I find this curious account of St. Mary's Church, at Utrecht:—

“The English church called St. Marie's hath one of its pillars built upon bull-hides, there being no other means to secure the foundation, by reason of the many springs, which sunk it as soon as layd. The pillar hath this inscription:—
“Accipe, Posteritas, quod per tua sæcula narres,

Taurinis cutibus fundo solidata columna est.”

Belonging to this church is a library wherein, among other choice MSS., is one very ancient; viz., the Old and New Testament in seven volumes, wrote on skins of parchment in black and letters of gold, esteemed the finest manuscript in Europe.

“Here are also kept as rarities two Unicorn's horns (?), an horn made of an Elephant's tooth hollowed, and several Pagan Idols presented to this church by Charles V. On the door in the inside of this library are these words written—

“Pro Christi Laude libros lege postea Claude.” T. E. WINNINGTON.

—Notes and Queries.

LEGENDS OF THE WANDERING JEW.—Would you kindly inform me whether there are in the English language many versions of the legend of the *Wandering Jew*, what these are, and where they are to be met with?

A FRENCH SUBSCRIBER.

24 Avenue de la Porte Maillot, Paris.

[The earliest mention of this legend is in Matthew Paris, or rather in Roger of Wendover's Chronicle, s. n. 1228. See vol. iv. p. 176, of English Historical Society's edition, or vol. ii. p. 512, of the edition published by Bohn. A ballad of *The Wandering Jew* is printed by Percy, *Reliques*, ii. 301 (edit. 1794). Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edition), iii. 309, makes reference on this subject to Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible and Turkish Spy*, vol. ii. book iii. let. 1.; and there is an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vii. 608, entitled “The Legend of the Wandering Jew from Matthew Paris.” The fullest particulars of the legend will however be found in Grässe, *Die Sage vom Ewigen Juden*, etc. Dresden und Leipzig, 1844.]

—Notes and Queries.

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND.

March 7th, 1862.

"STAND to your guns, men!" Morris cried.
 Small need to pass the word;
 Our men at quarters ranged themselves
 Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
 "What thing is that I say?"
 "A long-shore meeting-house adrift
 Is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face;
 The strange, dark craft he knew:
 "That is the iron Merrimac,
 Manned by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns, and point them straight;
 Before this day goes by,
 We'll try of what her metal's made."
 A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
 Has seldom left its place;
 And where it falls, the deck it strikes
 Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this; or sink or swim,
 Or live or nobly die,
 My last sight upon earth may be
 To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
 Came moving o'er the wave,
 As gloomy as a passing hearse,
 As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to stern
 No sign of life appeared.
 We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
 Joked—everything but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang,
 Our heavy pivots roared;
 And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
 Against her sides we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
 The iron tempest glanced,
 As hail bounds from a cottage thatch,
 And round her leaped and danced;

Or when against her dusky hull
 We struck a fair, full blow,
 The mighty, solid iron globes,
 Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
 The silent monster came;
 Though all our starboard battery
 Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not, no gun she fired,
 Straight on our bow she bore;
 Through riving plank and crashing frame
 Her furious way she tore.

Alas! our beautiful keen bow,
 That in the fiercest blast
 So gently folded back the seas,
 They hardly felt we passed!

Alas! alas! my Cumberland,
 That ne'er knew grief before,
 To be so gored, to feel so deep
 The tusk of that sea-boar!

Once more she backward drew a space
 Once more our side she rent;
 Then, in the wantonness of hate,
 Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
 But our foemen lay abeam;
 Her open portholes maddened us;
 We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast,
 We knew our time was brief,
 "The pumps, the pumps!" But they who
 pumped,
 And fought not, wept with grief.

"Oh! keep us but an hour afloat!
 Oh! give us only time
 To be the instruments of Heaven
 Against the traitors' crime!"

From captain down to powder-boy
 No hand was idle then;
 Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
 Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
 Some bold marine stepped out,
 And jerked his braided jacket off,
 And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned;
 And up from the sick bay
 Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
 And round us gasping lay.

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
 Struggling with failing breath,
 To keep their shipmates at the posts
 Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat, and powder gone,
 The last broadside we gave
 From the guns' heated iron lips
 Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspike—
 As men-of-war's-men should—
 We placed within their proper racks,
 And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"
 Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
 God grant that some of us may live
 To fight yon ship again!"

We turned—we did not like to go:
 Yet staying seemed but vain,
 Knee-deep in water; so we left;
 Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood:
 "Another turn, men—so!"
 Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
 "Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bombshell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport ;
" Well done ! well aimed ! I saw that shell
Go through an open port."

It was our last, our deadliest shot ;
The deck was overflowed ;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed,
A thousand gurgling watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more.
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank ;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God ! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak !

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh, let that ensign fly !
The noblest constellation set
Against our northern sky.

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave ;
A monument, that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave !

GEORGE H. BOKER.

—North American.

MISSING.

Not among the suffering wounded ;
Not among the peaceful dead ;
Not among the prisoners. " MISSING "—
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until, through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty ;
Bright and clean the yellow floor ;
While the morning-glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly the sleek old house cat
Drowzes in his patch of sun ;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser,
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragment songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn.

And the rich breath of the garden,
Where the golden melons lie ;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine—
Leaning in her easy-chair ;
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair—

Blind to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn ;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first-born ;

How he left her in the spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footstep,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming
As he kissed a last " Good-by,"
Yet she heard him whistling gayly
As he went across the rye.

MISSING ! Why should he be missing ?
He would fight until he fell ;
And if wounded, killed, or missing,
Some one there would be to tell.

MISSING. Still a hope to cheer her !
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum !

So, through all the days of autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footstep
In the rustling of the corn ;

Or, she will hush all her household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

* * * * *

Far away, through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade,
In the dreary desolation
That the battle-storm has made—

With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves
Lies her noble-browed first-born.

From The Popular Science Review.
THE BREATH OF LIFE.

BY W. CROOKES, F.C.S.

NOT only figuratively, but in actual reality, can the life of man be compared to a fire, or lighted candle. Respiration may be regarded as the same process as combustion, only performed in a slower manner. Fuel is placed in a furnace, and the combustion which we see take place with the evolution of heat and light is owing to the combination of the oxygen—that wonderful constituent of the atmosphere—with the carbon and hydrogen of the fuel. In a similar way we place food (which is fuel) in our bodies, and then by the act of respiration we draw into the lungs oxygen, and this, uniting with the carbon and hydrogen of the food, also produces a disengagement of heat.

Another point worthy of attention is, that the combustible matter of the food—the carbon and hydrogen—when burned in the body by means of air drawn in by the lungs, produces exactly the same amount of heat as it would have done had the same quantity been consumed in an ordinary furnace by means of the free atmospheric oxygen; the only difference being, that in the latter case the combustion takes place rapidly, evolving an intense heat for a short time, whilst in our bodies the fuel is burned more slowly, thus evolving less heat for a longer time, the total amount of heat liberated by the combustion of a given weight of carbon, whether it be burned in the form of coal or beef, being always the same.

This, therefore, is the cause of the high temperature of the human body. We each carry about within us a portable furnace of the most perfect construction. Fuel is thrown on at intervals during the day, the need of a fresh supply being made known by the feeling of hunger (as it is in some steam-engines by the ringing of a bell); whilst a draught of air is drawn in at each inspiration, by which means the process of combustion proceeds uninterruptedly.

The analogy is strictly correct, even if pursued further. In a furnace we can augment the energy of combustion by increasing the draught of air; and so in our bodies, if we increase the normal number of respirations per minute, a considerable rise of temperature is the result, the excess of heat being radiated into the surrounding atmosphere,

and carried off in the form of perspiration. This explains why persons in arctic regions consume such enormous quantities of food in comparison with those in more temperate latitudes. In order to keep up the natural heat of the body (which is invariably the same—99° 5' Fahr.) in the midst of the intense cold of the surrounding media, it is necessary for considerable quantities of fuel to be rapidly burned in the body, so as to restore the amount of heat lost by radiation; and not only is the total weight of food which is required in the arctic regions vastly greater than that consumed in warm climates, but the former contains a greater percentage of combustible matter; the fruits which constitute so large a proportion of the food of the inhabitant of the South containing not more than about twelve per cent of carbon, whilst the blubber or fat which forms the staple diet of the Esquimaux or Lap, contains nearly eighty per cent of that combustible. Plenty of food, therefore, takes the place of clothing, in the same manner as warm raiment is a partial substitute for food. The warmer we are clad the less fuel it is necessary to burn in order to keep up the supply of animal heat lost by radiation; whereas, if we were to walk about naked or were exposed to an arctic temperature, we should be enabled to consume twenty or thirty pounds of whale's fat together with several quarts of train oil and brandy without difficulty, finishing off with a few tallow candles by way of dessert, the combustible matters here indicated being not more than sufficient to supply the enormous radiation of heat consequent upon a difference of perhaps one hundred and twenty degrees between the temperature of the body and that of the external air.

The analogy between the life of man and the flame of a candle or stove, is thus seen to be something more than a mere fanciful theory. Warmth and vitality are produced equally in each case by the combination of combustible matter with the oxygen present in the atmosphere; and in either case, if the supply of air be insufficient or vitiated, a similar result will follow; for the pale, sickly, flickering flame of a candle burning in an atmosphere deficient in the necessary supporter of combustion, or containing noxious gases, is strictly parallel to the delicate, sickly, etiolated appearance caused in human

beings by an impure atmosphere, whilst the ultimate result is the same in both cases; namely, the extinction of vitality, or death.

An attentive examination into the phenomena of combustion, as exemplified in the burning of a candle, shows us, therefore, that not only is it necessary to take account of the food which we eat, that is to say, of the fuel with the combustion of which we keep up the requisite temperature; but that a careful attention to the quality of the air we breathe is no less important to our health and comfort. A candle burning in a close room not only consumes a certain quantity of the vivifying principle of the atmosphere, diminishing the amount of oxygen present and available for other purposes, but it likewise communicates to the air an equal volume of another gas—carbonic acid,—a substance possessing the most deadly properties—the pure gas suffocating animals placed in it as if they had been plunged into so much water. Even when it is present in the air in only small quantities, it produces very deleterious effects, four per cent acting like a narcotic poison in the atmosphere, and even a less proportion producing depressing effects of a most injurious description. If, then, a candle which consumes so small a quantity of oxygen causes such a change in the atmosphere, how much more will the respiration of human beings tend to vitiate it. It has been calculated that a man every twenty-four hours consumes nearly four hundred cubic feet of air, with evolution of the deleterious carbonic acid gas; and that were he to be enclosed for twenty-four hours in a room eight feet square by nine feet high, he would be moribund at the end of the time. And these are not merely fanciful or supposititious cases. The action of contaminated confined air upon the health of the inhaler is one of the most potent and insidious causes of disease. Any addition to the natural atmosphere that we breathe must be a deterioration, and absolutely noxious in a greater or less degree. Our health, says Thackerab, would immediately suffer did not some vital conservative principle accommodate our functions to circumstance and situation. But this seems to get weaker from exertion. The more we draw on it, the less balance it leaves in our favor. The *vis vitæ*, which, in a more natural state, would carry the body to seventy or eighty years, is pre-

maturely exhausted, and, like the gnomon shadow, whose motion no eye can perceive, but whose arrival at a certain point at a definite time is inevitable, the latent malaria, which, year after year, seems to inflict no perceptible injury, is yet hurrying the bulk of mankind with undeviating, silent, accelerating rapidity to a premature grave. Pure air is the food designed by nature for the constitution. Man subsists upon it more than upon his meat and drink; and there are numberless instances of persons living for months and years on a very scanty supply of aliment; but no one can subsist even for a few minutes without a copious supply of the aerial element.

Deaths from the respiration of many persons in a confined space are, unhappily, not rare; and without going back to the shocking instance of the Black Hole at Calcutta, we may refer to an equally lamentable occurrence which happened a few years ago in an emigrant ship, in which, during a storm off the English coast, the emigrants were confined below. In less than six hours more than sixty persons perished!

The paramount necessity which exists, according to these instances, for fresh air, equally holds good in less extreme cases. Just as sorely as a total deprivation of oxygen, or the presence with it of any excess of deleterious gases, produces death; so the breathing of a partially inhaled atmosphere is equally certain to occasion sickness and disease, if its inhalation be persisted in. The evils of exhausted air are also more to be guarded against, because persons can live in it without being aware of its danger, as far as their sensations are concerned. When we enter a crowded assembly on a cold day, the air is always at first repulsive and oppressive; but these sensations gradually disappear, and we then breathe freely, and are unconscious of the quality of the atmosphere. Science, however, reveals the fact, that the system sinks in action to meet the conditions of the impure air; but it does so at the expense of a gradual depression of the vital functions; and when this is continued, disease follows. *No disease can be thoroughly cured when there is a want of ventilation.* It is related, that illness continued in a family until a pane of glass was accidentally broken, and then it ceased: the window not being repaired, a plentiful sup-

ply of fresh air was admitted. Nearly all the churches in the empire require some artificial means of ventilation to render them physically fit receptacles for the body during a prolonged service. The Sunday schools also, as a general rule, are *very ill ventilated*; and lessons in the second hour are far worse rendered than in the first, solely arising from a semi-lethargic coma that comes over the pupils breathing a carbonic air, which has already done duty and been inhaled by others several times. However much to be regretted, it is still true that people will sometimes sleep during the sermon. Now, the minister must not be twitted with this; for with the oratory of a Jeremy Taylor, or of a Tillotson, people could not be kept awake in an atmosphere charged with carbonic acid, the emanations of a thousand listeners.*

Instances innumerable might be pointed out in connection with our trades and professions, showing that no one can break with impunity the law of nature, which demands that the food destined to nourish and warm the body should be converted into heat, and vitalized by a constant supply of fresh and pure air. The importance of this subject becomes more evident if we turn to a few statistics. In a life of fifty years a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs nearly one hundred and seventy tons' weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons' weight of the poisonous carbonic acid. It has been also calculated that, to ventilate a room effectually, every person requires ten cubic feet of fresh air per minute †; a church, therefore, eighty feet long, fifty feet wide, and forty feet high, and containing one thousand persons, would require the whole atmospheric contents of the building to be renewed every sixteen minutes. A room containing a million cubic feet of air, in which were assembled ten thousand persons, would likewise require a total change every ten minutes; and an apartment twelve feet each way, with ten persons in it, would require an

entire change of air every seventeen minutes.

This quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute for each individual, is what is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of the functions of respiration; whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is imperatively necessary to get rid of the products of respiration, viz., the carbonic acid and aqueous vapor, as well as the effluvia from the body; for, disagreeable as it may be to refer to such a subject, this is the most noxious cause of contamination with which we are in the habit of coming in contact. "We instinctively," says Bernan, "shun approach to the dirty, the squalid, and the diseased, nor use a garment that may have been worn by another; we open sewers for matters that offend the sight and smell, and contaminate the air; we carefully remove impurities from what we eat and drink, filter morbid water, and fastidiously avoid drinking from a cup that may have been pressed to the lips of a friend. On the other hand, we resort to places of assembly, and draw into our mouths air loaded with effluvia from the lungs and skin and clothing of every individual in the promiscuous crowd: exhalations, offensive to a certain extent from the most healthy individuals, but which, rising from a living mass of skin and lung in all stages of evaporation, disease, and putridity, and prevented by the walls and ceiling from escaping, are, when thus concentrated, in the highest degree deleterious and loathsome."

The evils produced by allowing the carbonic acid from the breath to accumulate in the air, have been already mentioned; those engendered by inhaled animal effluvia are still more fatal in their results; for, according to competent authorities, it seems to be an invariable result that the accumulation and stagnation of the breath and perspiration of human beings crowded for a period in confined air, and neglecting personal cleanliness, produce plague or fever that may be communicated to healthy persons by contact or respiration. The most memorable example of this is the Great Plague of London, which was caused by the total absence of proper ventilation in the filthy and overcrowded hovels in which the greater part of the poorer population of London

* Piesse.

† This is the minimum which should be allowed. In the House of Commons, which is, perhaps, the most perfectly, as it is certainly the most scientifically, ventilated building in the world, Dr. Reid never allows less than thirty cubic feet of air per minute for each member, when the room is crowded, and on many occasions sixty cubic feet have been allowed.

lived, together with the filth and putrefying abominations which habitually filled not only the streets but even the houses of the lower classes. According to Bernan, the gaol fever was another disease which, arising from a neglect of the vital necessity for fresh air, was, a few centuries ago, an object of dread to society. The unfortunate and the criminal alike were immured in damp, cold, ill-aired dungeons, and kept in a state of inactivity. They inhaled the pent-up noxious effluvia emitted from their own bodies; and, from the want of means for personal purification, their clothes and bedding during their incarceration became saturated with the fatal exhalations. In this condition the miserable prisoners engendered, and became victims to, a disease of deadly malignity. They sickened, and with little apparent illness they died. The prison-house was thus the focus of a contagion that spread far and wide beyond its walls, and spared few who were so unhappy as to come within its influence. It was remarked, that although a prisoner happened to escape the infection, his clothes, nevertheless, emitted a pestilence that scattered death around him wherever he went. The assizes held at Oxford in 1577 were long remembered, and were called the *Black Assizes*, from the horrible catastrophe produced on that occasion by the gaol fever. Baker, in his Chronicle, tells us, that *all* who were present in court died in forty-eight hours—the judge, the sheriff, and three hundred other persons! so terrible was the retribution suffered by the community for its hardness of heart in denying to criminals even those personal requirements necessary for avoiding disease and preserving life.

Another similar catastrophe is recorded by Blaine as having occurred in 1750. During the sessions a sickening nauseous smell was experienced by the persons in court, and within a week afterwards many who had been present were seized with a malignant fever. Among those who died were the Lord Mayor, the two judges, an alderman, a barrister, several of the jury, and forty other persons. It was remarkable that the prisoners who communicated the infection were not themselves ill of fever; and it was still more remarkable that none of those who were ill of it (to the greater number of whom it proved mortal) communicated it to

their families or attendants, which showed that persons who were treated in clean and airy apartments, as those were who fell victims to it, do not communicate the disease to those in the constant habit of attending upon them.

Historians relate with just indignation that nearly three hundred martyrs died at the stake in the reign of the bigot Mary. But how insignificant appear the number and sufferings of these victims of regal fanaticism when compared with the tortures of suffocation and death from stench, that were endured by thousands of persons in this and succeeding reigns, when every prison was a legal sepulchre.

Equally striking are the *good* results which have followed a judicious application of ventilation where it was formerly absent. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more repulsive and abominable state than that in which our ships of war were during the latter part of the last century, owing to the disregard, or rather the studied opposition, with which those then in authority treated all proposals to improve their ventilation. We regard other nations with whom we happen to be at war as our enemies, but a few figures, eloquent in their simplicity, will convince any one that incapacity, narrow-mindedness, or obstinacy in high places, are vastly more fatal in their results to our gallant sailors than the most formidable enemy they ever faced. In the year 1779 there were 70,000 seamen and marines voted by Parliament; of these 28,592 were sent sick to the hospitals, or 1 in 2.4. In 1784, of 85,000 men afloat, 21,371 were sent ashore sick within the year, or 1 in 4. But in 1804, when ventilation was partially, if not thoroughly, carried out in every ship, of the 100,000 men of which the navy that year consisted, 11,978 passed through the hospital, or only one in 8.3.

The evils of inefficient ventilation have been strikingly shown in the case of the Custom House, where the difficulty of ventilating a large public room has been very manifest. There the atmosphere in some of the apartments was so defective, as to produce general symptoms of ill-health among the officers whose official seats were placed in it. The functionaries were described to have had "a sense of tension or fulness of the head, with occasional flushings of the countenance, throbbings of the temples and

vertigo, followed not unfrequently by confusion of ideas," that must be very disagreeable to persons occupied with important and sometimes intricate calculations. A few were affected with unpleasant perspiration at their sides. The whole of them complained of a remarkable coldness and languor at their extremities, more especially the legs and feet, which became habitual. The pulse in many cases was more feeble, frequent and sharp, and irritable, than it ought to have been. The sensations in the head occasionally rose to such a height, notwithstanding the most temperate regimen of life, as to render cupping requisite, and at other times depletory remedies; and costiveness, though not a uniform, was yet a prevailing symptom.

The identity between the combustion of a candle and that living kind of combustion which is ever going on within us has thus been clearly exhibited. Like the candle, man depends for his life and vigor upon the chemical action exerted between the atmosphere and combustible matter; the combustion of the latter giving rise in each case to heat and vitality. Like the flame of a candle, too, man's health and strength languish and faint unless properly and uninterruptedly supplied with that mysterious breath of life—oxygen; whilst the feeble hold which the flame, even under the most favorable circumstances, has upon the wick, and the ease and totality of its extinction by the most trivial circumstance,—not only by a deprivation of air, but even by a puff of wind too much,—should teach us, even in our pride of health and strength, that our spark of life may be extinguished by the same causes, and our bodies may be left lifeless as a snuffed-out candle; the food—the combustible matter—may be there all the same; the oxygen may be in waiting, ready to combine with it; but the spark of fire, that spirit of life which man receives direct from his Creator is absent, and without this all else is as nothing.

One more lesson from our candle, and we have done. What becomes of the human soul when it has left the body? What becomes of the flame when the candle is extinguished? Must our philosophy halt here? or will it turn round upon us and attempt to prove, in scientific jargon, that there is no such thing as a future? We think not. We believe that, as the relationship between

the candle and man bears strict analogy from the first kindling of the mysterious vitalizing principle, through the varied phenomena of life, in sickness and in health, and even in the more mysterious phenomena of extinction,—so can the analogy be carried further into the dim shadowy realms beyond.

If there is one question more than another which has occupied the attention of modern philosophers, it is that relating to the *conservation of force*, or as it sometimes is called, *of energy*. It has long been admitted that matter can neither be created nor destroyed, and the whole tendency of modern discovery is now directed to show that *energy* is equally incapable of extinction. So long as it is exerting its action in a definite way, shining and glowing as a candle flame, evolving the *forces* of heat and light, we take note of it by means of our outward senses; but when the flame goes out, are these forces annihilated? Assuredly not. The energy which hitherto was occupied in the production of heat and light has only changed its immaterial form; it still exists in undiminished quantity, though it is now incapable of appreciation by our material senses. For just as the forces evolved by burning fuel are transformed into mechanical motion in the steam-engine; and just as mechanical motion is equally capable of being retransformed into heat, light, electricity, chemical action,—just as every word we utter acting on the material atmosphere around us resolves itself into aerial waves of sound, which forever afterwards vibrate with diminishing intensity, but expanding area, from one extremity of the atmosphere to the other, retaining always the same amount of energy as it did when the mechanical motion of the breath and lips first gave it birth,—so do the forces once born to activity when the candle is lighted live to the end of time undiminished in intensity, although changed in character. When the flame is naturally extinguished these living forces do not die, but become absorbed into that vast reservoir of energy which is the source of all light and life upon this globe.

And shall we then suppose that the soul of man is of less account than the flame of a candle? If philosophy can thus prove that the latter never dies, shall not faith accept the same proof that our own spiritual life is continued after the vital spark is extinguished?

From The Eclectic Review.

KING COTTON OUT AT ELBOWS.*

Is the testimony of this book true? Is the witness true? We are not aware that the veracity of either has been called in question. If true, and we believe it is true, then this document is one of the most astonishing and disgusting records ever produced. Here are people who ludicrously lay claim to the urbanities of civilization, while the whole of society seems such that it would disgrace a robber's cave. Society in the South has all the vices of the wild and savage state without its virtues, the cunning of the savage without his bravery, his ferocity without his generosity. The book is written with singular ability and humor. The descriptions, both human and scenic, are worthy of the pen of Dickens. Indeed this pleasant book reads like the travels of Mark Tapley and Martin Chuzzlewit, and we do all honor to our author that he was able to keep himself, like his eminent predecessor in the wilds of Eden, "jolly," under such circumstances. They bring the whole of the ground, over which the author and the reader move, vividly before the eye; and we must say that Mr. Olmsted met with a larger and more expansive variety of that peculiar kind of animal called blackguard and scoundrel than we have ever found in the course of our reading; we will not say in the "Tales of Travellers," but we will not except the "Newgate Calendar." Talk of the dark ages! well, they none of them in all their years seem to darken down with the blackness of that barbarism of the South, where the everlasting lash resounds, where not unfrequently the stake rises, and the mild feelings of the planters are kindled to a more than ordinary excitement by the burning or roasting alive of a negro. The ancient serf in feudal days had no such damning brand burnt in on his destiny; nay, in the army or the Church, the very meanest might sometimes rise to distinction, but the Slave States wall up the negro beyond the possibility of emancipation. His master may even take possession of the money he has saved to purchase his freedom. Such things have often been. Hunted by bloodhounds, without a social right or place;

* *Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom. A Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States.* By Frederick Law Olmsted. In 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1861,

marriage in many places forbidden, in all a mockery; the children not the children of the parent, but the master. What a record for the nineteenth century!

"Cotton is King." We have heard that same truth repeated tolerably loudly; and frequently Cotton is a very blustering sovereign too. The triumphant and bullying words of Governor Hammond, addressed to the Senate of the United States, March 4th, 1858, are very well known:—

"No! you dare not make war upon cotton; no power on earth dares to make war upon it. *Cotton is king; until lately the Bank of England was king*; but she tried to put her screws, as usual, the fall before last, on the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered; who can doubt, that has looked at recent events, *that cotton is supreme!*"

We are by no means certain that "Cotton is King." One of the kings of commerce, no doubt, but there are other sovereigns; nor is it at all necessary that even the kingdom of cotton should be limited to the Southern States of America. Surely, we have had clear ideas upon the utterly wretched commercial character of the Southern States; but Mr. Olmsted presents a picture of moral degradation and wretchedness, terrible and most effective, from the close grouping together of all the parts and impressions of the picture. Mr. Helper's "Impending Crisis of the South"* has prepared us for many of the statements; but in Mr. Olmsted's book the facts take fire, the institution of domestic slavery rises like some monstrous temple of iniquity, the facts blazing through the windows with horrible and infernal glare, bringing out into horrible distinctness the sacrifices, the victims, the crimes, and the cruelties of the abomination that maketh desolate. Mr. Helper indeed proves that "the annual hay crop of the Free States is worth considerably more in dollars and cents than all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp, and cane sugar, annually produced in the fifteen Slave States." All the old effrontery with which the enemies of free institutions extol the agricultural achievements of slave labor returns now, while, with stale and most senseless harangues, it is declared that

* "The Impending Crisis of the South; How to meet it." By Hinton R. Helper, of North Carolina. 100th Thousand. Sampson Low, Son & Co.

Cotton is king. Poor, shabby, threadbare king! A dissipated prince, without an income, and with such decidedly bad habits, that king he certainly will in no sense be long. "The soil itself," eloquently says Mr. Helper, "sickens and dies beneath the tread of the slave." So it has ever been, so will it ever be. Nations that know not their Lord's will, may receive the mercy of help and guidance from Him who winks at the time of a nation's darkness? But who hath hardened the heart against God's laws, and hath prospered? Speaking of the commercial consequences of slavery, Mr. Helper has very cleverly, we believe, truly parodied a well-known witty passage of Sydney Smith's on taxation in England:—

"The North is the Mecca of our merchants, and to it they must and do make two pilgrimages per annum—one in the spring and one in the fall. All our commercial, mechanical, manufactural, and literary supplies come from there. We want Bibles, brooms, buckets, and books, and we go to the North; we want pens, ink, paper, wafers, and envelopes, and we go to the North; we want shoes, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, and pocket-knives, and we go to the North; we want furniture, crockery, glassware, and pianos, and we go to the North; we want toys, primers, school-books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicine, tombstones, and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all. Instead of keeping our money in circulation at home, by patronizing our own mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers, we send it all away to the North, and there it remains; it never falls into our hands again.

"In one way or another we are more or less subservient to the North every day of our lives. In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humored with Northern gewgaws; in youth we are instructed out of Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our 'wild oats' on Northern soil; in middle-life we exhaust our wealth, energies, and talents in the dishonorable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children's children, and, to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and succor to every department of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eyesight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern cambric, are stretched

upon the bier, borne to the grave in a Northern carriage, entombed with a Northern spade, and memorized with a Northern slab!"

Perhaps, too, our readers may remember a passage from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson:—

"We sympathize very tenderly here with the poor aggrieved planter, of whom so many unpleasant things are said; but if we saw the whip applied to old men, to tender women; and, undeniably, though I shrink to say so—pregnant women set in the treadmill for refusing to work, when, not they, but the eternal law of animal nature refused to work: if we saw men's backs flayed with cowhides, and 'hot rum poured on, superinduced with brine or pickle, rubbed in with a cornhusk, in the scorching heat of the sun;' if we saw the runaways hunted with bloodhounds into swamps and hills; and, in cases of passion, a planter throwing his negro into a copper of boiling cane juice—if we saw these things with eyes, we too should wince. They are not pleasant sights. The blood is moral, the blood is anti-slavery, it runs cold in the veins: the stomach rises with disgust, and curses slavery."

Well! Mr. Olmsted's books bring these entertaining little incidents near to us. We have little occasion to feel any emotions of interest in, or respect for, the Northern States; but we pray earnestly that God may avert from us the great calamity of finding ourselves striking hands with Southern slavery. Dreadful it would be to find ourselves at war; but to find ourselves at war in such an alliance, surely, would be the crowning disgrace to our banners or our fleets. It is said misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and in the history of the world there have been strange brothers in arms. But Great Britain and the Southern States of America! Then, indeed, would be realized upon a very extensive scale Falstaff's ragged regiment: "You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating druff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me that I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

Funny circumstances pop up in these pages too; funny, ludicrous, horribly ludicrous, infernally funny. Did our readers

ever hear of a disease called *Drapitomania*? No! Well, it is a disease peculiar to negroes; its phenomena have been described by one Dr. Cartwright, and it manifests itself in an irrestrainable propensity to run away! Benevolent Dr. Cartwright, a physician of the South, has written a treatise upon this droll disease. Pundit Cartwright thinks, by proper medical treatment, "this troublesome practice of running away, that many negroes have, can be almost entirely prevented;" a very curious disease this. The learned Cartwright says, that "some of its peculiar phenomena are, that before negroes run away, unless they are panic-struck or frightened, they become sulky and dissatisfied. Now the cause of this dissatisfaction should be inquired into and removed, or they are apt to fall into negro consumption." Well! and what does the admirable doctor think will be the best means of cure after this inquiry? Why, flogging! Flogging is the cure for *Drapitomania*. Flogging, says the doctor. "Whipping them out of it; whipping the devil out of them," as the mighty master of medicine eloquently observes. Ah! what a fellow this negro is. He is subject, says the doctor, to another disease, *Dysæsthesia*, that is, dull or obtuse sensation. *Ætheopica* he calls this complaint. It seems in this disease the poor sufferer will break his tools, slight his work, and become stupid, "till roused from sloth by the stimulus of hunger; then," oh, marvel of marvels! "he takes anything he can lay his hands on; he tramples on the rights as well as on the property of others with perfect indifference." There is another disease to which the negro is subject, *Nostalgia*—longing for home. This often turns to another complaint to which he frequently falls a victim, and which is given to us in tolerably plain English—this is, congestion of the lungs. Poor negro has a heart to feel, a mind with dumb and inexpressible instincts that can brood, can rouse him occasionally from apathy to seek in flight a refuge from his wrongs. Perhaps this scientific jargon of the doctor does more to reveal the utter degradation of slavery than any other fact we have heard of. Miserable and mournful to find even pedantic heartlessness clothing the emotions of humanity in uncouth scientific phraseology, and libelling the very symptoms of a moral nature

as poison. Shocking to find the cruel whip prescribed as a medical remedy. Does not every reader ejaculate to the heartlessness and cruelty of this most learned ass? "God do so to him, and more also," Amen. Poor things! Some of these chattels have considerable, and altogether remarkable values attached to them, as pieces of property. In Louisiana many of the colored women speak French, Spanish, and English, as their customers demanded. And here is an advertisement from the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, about two months ago, a bright mulatto girl, named Mary, about twenty-five years of age, almost white, and reddish hair, front teeth out, a cut on her upper lip; about five feet five inches high; has a scar on her forehead; she passes for free; talks French, Italian, Dutch, English, and Spanish.

"ANDRE GRASSO.

"Upper side of St. Mary's Market."

And sometimes the poor creatures, and often, are quite white. A girl was pointed out:—

"*'That one is pure white; you see her hair?'* (It was straight and sandy.) *'She is the only one we have got. It was not uncommon, he said, to see slaves so white that they could not be easily distinguished from pure-blooded whites. He had never been on a plantation before that had not more than one on it.'* 'Now,' said I, 'if that girl should dress herself well, and run away, would she be suspected of being a slave?' (I could see nothing myself by which to distinguish her, as she passed, from an ordinary poor white girl.)

"Oh, yes; you might not know her if she got to the North, but any of us would know her."

Some of our bilious temperaments would be in danger in the South. Our readers remember, perhaps, that even Daniel Webster himself, a very dark man, was arrested for an escaped slave. Served him right. Pity it did not convert him. Mr. Olmsted heard some pretty confessions in the course of his journeys with reference to the treatment of slaves. After some disgusting statements made by a gentleman, of his general treatment of his slaves when they ran away from him, or when they were ill—

"But the same gentleman admitted that he had sometimes been mistaken, and had

made men go to work when they afterwards proved to be really ill; therefore, when one of his people told him he was not able to work, he usually thought, 'Very likely he'll be all the better for a day's rest, whether he's really ill or not,' and would let him off without being particular in his examination. Lately he had been getting a new overseer, and when he was engaging him, he told him that this was his way. The overseer replied, 'It's my way, too, now; it didn't use to be, but I had a lesson. There was a nigger one day at Mr. —'s who was sulky and complaining; he said he couldn't work. I looked at his tongue, and it was right clean, and I thought it was nothing but damned sulkiness, so I paddled him, and made him go to work; but two days after, he was under ground. He was a good eight hundred dollar nigger, and it was a lesson to me about taming possums, that I aint a going to forget in a hurry.'

We could devote much space to extracts from these interesting volumes. We have the story of Joseph Church, who belonged as property to a church in one of the inland counties, and was hired out by his master from the trustees. Happy church, blessed ministry. So sustained, what a cheering thought for the happy negro that thus he was strengthening Zion and building the walls of Jerusalem. Hunting negroes is a good and healthy sport in those fine young States. "I suppose," said a tradesman, to Mr. Olmsted—

" 'Twould seem kind o' barbarous to you to see a pack of hounds after a human being? "

" 'Yes, it would.' "

" 'Some fellows take as much delight in it as in runnin' a fox. Always seemed to me a kind o' barbarous sport.' [A pause.] 'It's necessary, though.' "

" 'I suppose it is. Slavery is a custom of society which has come to us from a barbarous people, and, naturally, barbarous practices have to be employed to maintain it.' "

" 'Yes, I s'pose that's so. But niggers is generally pretty well treated, considering. Some people work their niggers too hard, that's a fact.' "

Here is a telling advertisement:—

"The newspapers of the South-Western States frequently contain advertisements similar to the following, which is taken from the *West Tennessee Democrat*:—

"BLOOD-HOUNDS.—I have TWO of the FINEST DOGS for CATCHING NE-

GROES in the South-West. They can take the trail TWELVE HOURS after the NEGRO HAS PASSED, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Boliver, on the road leading from Boliver to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes. DAVID TURNER.

"March 2, 1853."

Here is an account of a method adopted for preventing a negro from running away:—

" 'I wouldn't have a nigger in my house that I was afraid to set to work, at anything I wanted him to do, at any time. They'd hired him out to go to a new place next Thursday, and they were afraid if they didn't treat him well, he'd run away. If I couldn't break a nigger of running away, I wouldn't have him anyhow.' "

" 'I can tell you how you can break a nigger of running away, certain,' said another. 'There was an old fellow I used to know in Georgia, that always cured his so. If a nigger ran away, when he caught him, he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so he couldn't stir; then he'd take a pair of pincers and pull one of his toe-nails out by the roots; and tell him that if he ever run away again, he would pull out two of them, and if he run away again after that, he told them he would pull out four of them, and so on, doubling each time. He never had to do it more than twice—it always cured them.' "

The volumes abound with incidents belonging to the same order as the following:—

"*Houston*.—We were sitting on the gallery of the hotel. A tall, jet-black negro came up, leading by a rope a downcast mulatto, whose hands were lashed by a cord to his waist, and whose face was horribly cut, and dripping with blood. The wounded man crouched and leaned for support against one of the columns of the gallery—faint and sick.

" 'What's the matter with that boy? ' asked a smoking loungers.

" 'I run a fork into his face,' answered the negro.

" 'What are his hands tied for? ' "

" 'He's a runaway, sir.' "

" 'Did you catch him? ' "

" 'Yes, sir. He was hiding in the hay-loft, and when I went up to throw some hay to the horses, I pushed the fork down into the mow and it struck something hard. I didn't know what it was, and I pushed hard, and gave it a turn, and then he hollered, and I took it out.' "

" 'What do you bring him here for? ' "

"Come for the key of the jail, sir, to lock him up."

"What!" said another, "one darkey catch another darkey? Don't believe that story."

"Oh yes, mass'r, I tell for true. He was down in our hayloft, and so you see when I stab him, I *have* to catch him."

"Why, he's hurt bad, isn't he?"

"Yes, he says I pushed through the bones."

"Whose nigger is he?"

"He says he belong to Mass'r Frost, sir, on the Brazos."

"The key was soon brought, and the negro led the mulatto away to jail. He walked away limping, crouching, and writhing, as if he had received other injuries than those on his face. The bystanders remarked that the negro had not probably told the whole story."

"We afterwards happened to see a gentleman on horseback, and smoking, leading by a long rope through the deep mud, out into the country, the poor mulatto, still limping and crouching, his hands manacled, and his arms pinioned."

Like all persons who have not moral habits or character, the Southerners are full of high-flown sentiment. Here is an extract from an address by Chancellor Harper, prepared for and read before the Society for the Advancement of Learning of South Carolina. Our readers will hear the hollowness of the humbug in every letter:—

"I have said the tendency of our institution is to elevate the female character as well as that of the other sex, for similar reasons.

"And, permit me to say, that this elevation of the female character is no less important and essential to us than the moral and intellectual cultivation of the other sex. It would, indeed, be intolerable, if, when one class of society is necessarily degraded in this respect, no compensation were made by the superior elevation and purity of the other. Not only essential purity of conduct, but the utmost purity of manners. And, I will add, though it may incur the formidable charge of affectation or prudery, a *greater severity of decorum than is required elsewhere, is necessary among us.* Always should be strenuously resisted the attempts, which have sometimes been made, to introduce among us the freedom of foreign European, and especially of continental manners. *Let us say: we will not have the manners of South Carolina changed.*"

By all means let South Carolina keep its manners to itself. We believe there is no

region on earth, however, where they might not be bartered for the better. Perhaps our readers will think we ought to apologize to them for introducing some illustrations of South Carolinian manners:—

"The familiar use of Scripture expressions by the negroes I have already indicated. This is not confined to them. A dram-seller advertises thus:—

"FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.

"In order to engage in a more "honorable" business, I offer for sale, cheap for cash, my stock of

LIQUORS, BAR-FIXTURES, BILLIARD-TABLE, ETC.' ETC.

If not sold privately, by the 20th day of May, I will sell the same at public auction. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."

"E. KEYSER."

"At a Sunday dinner-table, at a village inn in Virginia, two or three men had taken seats with me, who had, as they said, 'been to the preachin'.' A child had been baptized, and the discourse had been a defence of infant baptism.

"I'm damned," said one, 'ef he tetched on the primary significance of baptism, at all—buryin' with Jesus.'

"They was the weakest arguments for sprinklin' that ever I heerd," said another—a hot, red-faced, corpulent man—"and his sermon was two hours long, for when he stopped I looked at my watch. I thought it should be a lesson to me, for I couldn't help going to sleep. Says I to Uncle John, says I—he sot next to me, and I whispered to him—says I, "When he gits to Bunker Hill, you wake me up," for I see he was bound to go clean back to the beginnin' of things."

Mr. Olmsted intimates that the popular report of Southern hospitality is a mere popular romance—a myth; the wealthy, even in the most remote districts, refuse a night's entertainment. Even under circumstances which render farther progress perilous, hospitality seems to be given only in return to a very special letter of introduction, or in return for favors already bestowed. The following story is good:—

"Once, while in company with a foreign naturalist,—a titled man,—he had been dining at the inn of a small country town, when a certain locally distinguished judge had seen fit to be eloquent at the dinner-table upon the advantages of slavery in maintain-

ing a class of 'high-toned gentlemen,' referring especially to the proverbial hospitality of Southern plantations, which he described as quite a bewilderment to strangers, and nothing like which was to be found in any country unblest with slavery, or institutions equivalent to it. It so happened that the following night the travellers, on approaching a plantation mansion in quest of lodging, were surprised to find that they had fallen upon the residence of this same judge, who recognized them, and welcomed them, and bade them be at home. Embarrassed by a recollection of his discourse of hospitality, it was with some difficulty that one of them, when they were taking leave next morning, brought himself to inquire what he might pay for the entertainment they had received. He was at once relieved by the judge's prompt response, 'Dollar and a quarter apiece, I reckon.'

Dollar and a quarter apiece the prompt and everlasting demand.

It is very curious to note how slavery, which insists upon putting all things to rights, insists upon rectifying English literature. Among other things, unfortunately, the Slave States produce no literature. De Bow's *Review* remarks very plaintively, that *Wayland's Moral Science* contains a chapter on slavery heretical and unscriptural. The following are pleasant passages from this review:—

"But need I add more to convince the sceptical of the necessity there is for the production of our own text-books, and, may I not add, our own literature? Why should the land of domestic servitude be less productive in the great works of the mind now than when Homer evoked the arts, poetry, and eloquence into existence? Moses wrote the Genesis of Creation, the Exodus of Israel, and the laws of mankind? and when Cicero, Virgil, Horace, St. John, and St. Paul became the instructors of the world? . . . They will want no cut-throat literature, no firebrand moral science . . . nor Appleton's *Complete Atlas*, to encourage crimes that would blanch the cheek of a pirate, nor any of the ulcerous and polluting agencies issuing from the hot-beds of abolition fanaticism."

Speaking of the dangerous influence of some of the Readers, Speakers, and other volumes of popular literature, the same delightful writer remarks:—

"The sickly sentimentality of the poet Couper, whose ear became 'so pained,' and

his soul 'sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage,' that it made him cry out in agony for 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' where he might commune with howling wolves and panthers on the blessings of liberty (?), stamps its infectious poison upon many of the pages of these works."

Yes, there must be a thorough revision of English, and indeed of classical literature. Shakspeare has some shockingly inflammatory and human words; so has Milton; so have the ancients. But let not these great States be at all abashed. Cotton is king; he has but to wave his wand, and he can bring a trifle of Homers and Miltons, and Shakspeares into the market, each with a genius delightfully unembarrassed by any human tenderness, or sense of freedom and the rights of man. Yes, this will be a great work for our *collaborateurs* of the South, first to furnish an Index Expurgatorius—the great swelling thoughts of freedom expunged—and then to make a new literature, and no freedom in it. And yet this African race! What a fund of humor flows through the hearts and from the lips of these unfortunates! There are some accounts of the loose ideas entertained with reference to marriage. No wonder; this is a lesson taught them pretty impressively. One, however, left his wife, and was taken to task by his minister:—

"Having talked to him seriously, and in the strongest light held up to him the enormity of the crime of forsaking his lawful wife and taking another, Colly replied, most earnestly, and not taking in at all the idea of guilt, but deeply distressed at having offended his master,—

"'Lor, Massa Harry, what was I to do, sir? She tuk all I could git, and more too, sir, to put on her back; and tellin' de truf, sir, dress herself as no poor man's wife hav' any right to. I 'monstrated wid her, massa, but to no purpose; and den, sir, w'y I jis did all a decent man could do—lef' her, sir, for some oder nigger better off 'an I is.'

"'Twas no use. Colly could not be aroused to conscientiousness on the subject."

What a mingling of humor and pathos and sorrow is here:—

"The negro property, which had been brought up in a freight car, was immediately led out on the stoppage of the train. As it stepped on to the platform, the owner asked, 'Are you all here?'

" 'Yès, massa, we is all heah,' answered one. '*Do dysef no harm, for we's all heah,*' added another, in an undertone.

"The negroes immediately gathered some wood, and taking a brand from the railroad hands, made a fire for themselves; then, all but the woman, opening their bundles, wrapped themselves in their blankets and went to sleep. The woman, bareheaded, and very inadequately clothed as she was, stood for a long time alone, erect and statue-like, her head bowed, gazing in the fire. She had taken no part in the light chat of the others, and had given them no assistance in making the fire. Her dress too was not the usual plantation apparel. It was all sadly suggestive."

We may possibly soon return to the sub-

ject of these volumes. We have feared that the conscience of this country is not quite sound upon the question of slavery—in the north of England especially, where the cotton interest is understood to be imperial, we desire these volumes should be read. Of the charm of reading them it is impossible to speak in terms too high, and they will set before the reader such a narration as will, we believe, harrow the most selfish soul. We dare not cite some things. It was necessary to the picture that Mr. Olmsted should place the darkest shadows there, but there are scenes which he beheld, of ordinary daily occurrence—hourly occurrence in the Arcadia of slavery, which plainly reveal the horrible enormity of the sin.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.—

1. "Go, shine till thou outshin'st the gleam
Of all the
Go—dance till all the diamonds flash,
That stain thy inky hair:
Then kneel and show thy heart to God—
What broken vows are there!"
2. "Vous défendez que je vous aime—et bien,
j'obeirai!"
3. "What though the form be fair,
What though the eye be bright,
What though the rare and flowing hair,
Vic with the rich sunlight,—
If the soul which of all should the fairest be,
If the soul which must last through eternity,
Be a dark and unholy thing?"
4. "And thus the heart may break, yet brokenly
'live on."
[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii. Stanza 32.]
5. "Forgiveness to the injured doth belong.
They never pardon who have done the
wrong."
6. "Yet died he as the wise might wish to die,
With all his fame upon him
We may die otherwise—our dim career
May rise and set in darkness; we may give
Some kindly gleams which leave the rest
more drear;

But O! 'tis sad their brightness to survive,
And die when nought remains for which
'twere well to live!"

HERMENTRUDE.

"Just notions will into good actions grow,
And to our Reason we our Virtues owe.
False Judgments are the unhappy source of
ill,
And blinded Error draws the passive Will.
To know our God, and know our selves, is all
We can true Happiness or Wisdom call."

"For let your subject be low or high,
Here all the penetrating force must lie . . ."

"Till with a pleased surprise we laugh [or
smile] and wonder
How [or that] things so like, so long were
kept asunder."

—Notes and Queries.

F. K.

WHENCE are the two noble lines:—

"Of this blest man, let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven."

J. C.

[This couplet was written by Izaak Walton in his copy of Dr. Richard Sibbes' work, *The Returning Backslider*, 4to. 1641.]—Notes and Queries.

THE PRESIDENT'S SON.

WILLIE LINCOLN had his acquaintances among his father's friends, and I chanced to be one of them. He never failed to seek me out in the crowd, shake hands and make some pleasant remark; and this in a boy of but ten years of age, was, to say the least, endearing to a stranger. But he had more than mere affectionateness. His self-possession—*aplomb*, as the French call it—was extraordinary. I was one day passing the White House, when he was outside with a playfellow on the sidewalk. Mr. Seward drove in, with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite, in the carriage; and, in a mock-heroic way—terms of amusing intimacy evidently existing between the boy and the Secretary—the official gentleman took off his hat, and the Napoleon party did the same, all making the young prince-president a ceremonious salute. Not a bit staggered with the homage, Willie drew himself up to his full height, took off his little cap with graceful self-possession, and bowed down formally to the ground, like a little ambassador. They drove past, and he went on unconcernedly with his play; the impromptu readiness and good judgment being clearly a part of his nature. His genial and open expression of countenance was none the less ingenuous and fearless for a certain tincture of fun; and it was in this mingling of qualities that he so faithfully resembled his father.

With all the splendor that was around this little fellow in his new home, he was so bravely and beautifully himself—and that only! A wild flower, transplanted from the prairie to a hothouse, he retained his prairie habits, unalterably pure and simple, till he died. His leading trait seemed to be a fearless and kindly frankness, willing that everything should be as different as it pleased, but resting unmoved in his own conscious single-heartedness. I found I was studying him, irresistibly, as one of those sweet problems of childhood that the world is least with in rare places; and the news of his death (I was absent from Washington, on a visit to my own children, at the time)

came to me like a knell heard unexpectedly at a merry-making.

On the day of the funeral, I went, before the hour to take a near farewell look at the dear boy; for they had embalmed him to send home to the West—to sleep under the sods of his own valley—and the coffin-lid was to be closed before the service. The family had just taken their leave of him, and the servants and nurses were seeing him for the last time—and with tears and sobs wholly unrestrained, for he was loved like an idol by every one of them. He lay, with eyes closed—his brown hair parted as we had known it, pale in the slumber of death, but otherwise unchanged, for he was dressed as for the evening, and held, in one of the hands crossed upon his breast, a bunch of exquisite flowers—a message coming from his mother, while we were looking upon him praying that those flowers might be preserved for her. She was lying sick in her bed, worn out with grief and overwatching.

The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the splendid east-room, the boy had been, for those now assembled more especially, a most life-giving variation. With his bright face, and his apt greetings and replies, he was remembered in every part of that crimson-curtained hall built only for pleasure—of all the crowds each night, certainly the one least likely to be death's first mark. He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—oftenest seen hand in hand. And there sat the man, with a burden on his brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load at both heart and brain; staggering under a blow like the taking from him of this child! His men of power sat around him, McClellan, with a moist eye when he bowed to the prayer, as I could see from where I stood, and Chase and Seward with their austere features at work, and senators and ambassadors and soldiers, all struggling with their tears; great hearts sorrowing with the President as a stricken man and a brother. That God may give him strength for all his burdens, is, I am sure, at present, the prayer of a nation!—*N. P. Willis in the Home Journal.*

FRANCIS DATCHER.

NOTHING indicates innate dignity and self-respect more than a regard for the verdict of those who come after us. Many things may make an ignoble man desire the approbation of his contemporaries, and take pains to conserve it. The very selfishness that demeans him, makes it his interest to stand well with those upon whom his gains or indulgences depends. But when, in the faithful discharge of duties too humble to attract public praise, a man carefully lays up cause for grateful or respectful remembrance when he is gone, there is argument of nobility in his course. Such an instance has come to light in the case of Francis Datcher, a negro, for many years a messenger in the War Department, who died last month in Washington. A couple of months ago he entrusted to a gentleman connected with the New York press, a parchment, which was his chiefest treasure, with the injunction that upon his death, it should be made public. This sheet is covered with certificates from the various secretaries to his faithfulness. The first is from John C. Calhoun, dated March 3, 1825, and is followed by those of James Barbour, P. B. Porter, J. R. Poinsett, Lewis Cass, John H. Eaton, J. Spencer, J. M. Porter, W. L. Marcy, Geo. W. Crawford, C. M. Conrad, Jefferson Davis, John B. Floyd, and Simon Cameron; all these testimonials evince a personal respect and regard which many of their writers never could have merited or enjoyed themselves. Mr. Marcy says:—

“My predecessors seem to have exhausted the language of praise, in their testimonials of the merits of F. Datcher, assistant messenger in the War Department; but after four years' acquaintance with him, I can truly say that they have done only bare justice to his character and accomplishments. As a

man, he has my sincere respect; as an officer my high commendation.”

Mr. Davis—“In Francis Datcher I have found what Mr. Pitt is said to have declared he had, through his long public life, sought for in vain—a man exactly suited to the place he held.”

Mr. Floyd—“With a perfect knowledge of all the duties of his place, he discharges them with a fidelity, sagacity, and perfectly well-bred courtesy, worthy of all praise. He is, and deserves to be, the object of respect with all strangers visiting the Department, and of sincere regard to its inmates.”

Mr. Cameron—“More than forty years ago I came to Washington, a boy, on business connected with the War Department, and was kindly and courteously received by Francis Datcher, a colored man, having the manners and deportment of a gentleman, who ushered me into the presence of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Almost every year since, in passing through the various grades of life open to every American, I have had occasion to visit the War Department, and I have always found Datcher at his post, as courteous and civil as when I first saw him. When I entered upon my duties as the head of this Department, I was glad to have the opportunity to say: ‘Francis, while I am here, you will do me a great favor if you will remain, and extend to me, the treatment which I have received at your hands during the long years of our acquaintance.’”

The last is certainly an extraordinary commendation. The Secretary could not ask from his lowest subordinate more respectful treatment than, when he was a lad with no claim upon his attention, he had received from him. We give what currency we can to the last wish of this faithful and noble man, who deserved so well in his humble station, and give it with the more pleasure, because he belonged to a despised and oppressed race.—*Examiner*.

THE “DANVILLE REVIEW” AGAIN.—The friend who wrote us from Baltimore last week writes again, saying: “Our success in getting subscribers for the *Danville Review* in this city has exceeded our expectations. One individual has forwarded a list of one hundred and twenty-three names, all prepaid; another, one of

twenty-seven, also prepaid. Other individuals have forwarded their own subscriptions, so that probably not much less than two hundred copies will come to Baltimore. Is not that some proof of our loyalty? If other parts of the country yield a corresponding support, the *Review* will be abundantly sustained.”—*Presbyterian*, 29 March.

From All the Year Round.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

It is rather difficult to obtain access to the catacombs of Paris, simply, I believe, because the government consider that it is morbid and valueless curiosity which induces people to desire to visit such a spot; but there is an impression more or less prevalent in the French provinces that the reason why so many difficulties are thrown in the way of paying a visit to these gigantic galleries is owing to the fact that there is an entry into this underground world from the palace of the Tuileries. The provincials reverently believe that the reigning potentate, whether king or emperor, is afraid of assassins being able to penetrate into the palace by this entry if the catacombs become publicly known, and their intricacies made comprehensible. Say to any one of these provincials that the case would be met by blocking up this palatial entrance to the vaults, and you will get in return a violent shake of the head. "No, no," your countryman will answer; "if majesty is afraid of assassins entering *from* the catacombs, remember the catacombs would give a means of escaping *if* assassins, in the shape of rebels, entered at the open gate. No, no; *they'll* not block up the palace entrance to the catacombs. No, no!"

Let this be as it may, it is certain that I and a party of four, exclusive of the guide, obtained permission to visit underground Paris. And it is worthy of remark, as illustrating upon what small hinges serious events turn, that if I had not said the following words to the cabman who took me to the entrance, I should never have had to endure what I am about to describe. These words were: "If I do not return in half an hour, drive off." So saying, I paid the man in advance for waiting, and followed my party to the entrance-door, which was of heavy wood.

My reason for retaining the cabman was this: I had been waiting some days for the official permission to visit the catacombs, and, on the very morning when it arrived, I was preparing to start for London upon business of moment. Now, the train started at twelve, and the written permit arrived at ten. I was undesirous of losing the opportunity for my underground exploration, and I was desirous of starting by the twelve

o'clock train. I therefore came to the conclusion that if half an hour in the catacombs (from eleven to half-past) would satisfy me, I could then catch the train by twelve if I had a cab ready: whereas if I found the exploration sufficiently attractive to occupy more time, I would then defer my departure until the evening.

I found the catacombs extraordinary, but monotonous. Everybody knows that they were originally the stone mines which supplied the building material of Paris; in fact, it has been aptly said that Paris has been built of her own entrails. Let there be the least volcanic shock below Paris—she lies in a volcanic line—and her stupendous palaces, her whole being, would be swallowed in the tomb she herself has excavated.

At the beginning of this century, Napoleon decreed extramural interment, and all the graveyards within the walls of Paris were broken up and built over. The bones of centuries were moved into the catacombs. Millions of the bones of dead French were carried thither, and fantastically arranged. The visitor passes between two walls of skulls, which all seem to stare at him with a ghastly blind stare.

Ten minutes were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; but our guide, true to his trade, kept on making the widest promises of coming wonders, and, as a couple of my party were ladies, I need not add that the party's curiosity was stimulated by the assertions of our leader.

We each carried a little lamp, and we looked an odd group.

"Well," said I at last, "I really think I will leave you to your promenade. I can find my way back, I feel sure, and I have yet time to catch the train."

The guide laughed at the idea of my finding my way back to the entrance. I looked at my watch. It wanted ten minutes to the half-hour; if I did not go back at once, the cab would be gone.

We had passed many transverse passages in our way; indeed, the catacombs, as I saw them, seemed a wide street, intersected at regular intervals by smaller streets and courts and alleys. I was the last of my party, and perhaps, reluctant as I felt to go on, I lagged behind. At all events, I was looking about me from one side to the other, when, as the lamp of my companions crossed

one of the transverse cuttings, I noticed, a few steps along this passage, an immense skull, in which all the teeth were singularly perfect, white, and gleaming. I turned into the passage, meaning to inspect this skull more narrowly, when, as I moved my head towards it, a horrible rat, frightened at my presence, leaped in its fright against my cheek. I fell as though I had been shot. We all have antipathies more or less, and my antipathy is rats. I abhor them. I am almost ashamed to say it, but the shock of the sudden appearance and touch of that rat, caused me to faint. I must have lost my senses for many minutes.

When I knew myself again, I was utterly in the dark. The blackness seemed absolutely to hit me. I heard not a sound at first; then a rumbling; it was a passing carriage rolling above my horrible tomb. For a few moments I think I lost my consciousness once more. I am not sure, however, on this point. Having again recovered it, I endeavored to grasp the full truth of my position.

My friends were not near me, that was certain.

Now, had they left the catacombs, or were they searching for me? That they discovered they had lost me, almost immediately after I had fainted, seemed to me certain. Then how was it they had left the spot near which they had last seen me? It was certain that, in looking for me, they would take the line we had traversed. Then why had they not found me? Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had thought, after calling to me many times and receiving no answer, that I *had* tried to make my way to the entrance. When they reached it the half-hour was ended, and, the driver being gone, they had believed him to have taken me away, and supposed me on my road to England.

It was a terrible knowledge to gain, but I did not utterly despair. I felt sure that the alarm would be taken before I had been long enough in my living tomb to die of starvation. But to pass even four or five days underground, without food or water, in a darkness which was positively madden-

ing—
I could not remain inactive; I *must* do something. What could I do?

My first question was, should I remain

where I lay? In the first place, such inaction would kill me; in the second, it was needless: for, as when the alarm should be taken every inch of this subterranean world would be searched till I should be found, it mattered not whither I might have wandered—I should be equally safe anywhere.

I got up, stretched my hand, and touched the wall of skulls. I shrank to the ground again. A few moments and I conquered my cowardice. I declare to you, that within a few moments, and purely by dint of gravely and kindly reasoning with myself, I was able to touch the dead about me with absolute calmness; nay, I could run my hand over the shape of the skull with a kind of curiosity.

My lamp was shivered into a thousand pieces. I cannot tell to this day how it was my companions did not hear the crash. I can only suppose that a carriage was rumbling along the road overhead, when I fell.

Suddenly I thought of the rat. If the horrible thing came towards me, what should I do? The thought was parent to the belief that the execrable thing was there. I struck out instinctively, and, my hand coming upon some of the broken glass of the lamp, it was cut, and I felt blood flowing from the wounds. I bound my handkerchief, my gloves, my cravat, round and round the wounds, rather than a drop of my life's blood should fall, to become food for the horrible creature that had brought me to this pass.

But I felt I must move—I must seek to free myself while help was coming. Which way should I turn?

I remembered that I had entered the passage on my right, and that the skull was on the left; then, to leave it, in order to reach the road by which we had come, I must let it be on my right hand, and when I had reached the road I must turn to the left. I soon discovered the inordinately large skull, left it on my right, and groped my way the few steps to the roadway. I knew when I reached it by the angle of bones. Immediately, my highly pitched senses perceived a change. My right cheek experienced an increase of temperature. Mind—my *right* cheek.

I asked myself to what this change could be attributable? I soon answered myself. It was a current of air from the outer world. Now, thought I, this current of air—for

current it was, though I could detect no movement in the atmosphere—must come from an opening; that opening must be at or near a door; then, if I follow up against this current, I shall ultimately reach the spot at which it enters.

Next moment, I know I must have turned pale, for, when I turned full face towards the current I could detect no difference of temperature. It required a contrast between the two cheeks, as it were, to ascertain the difference. I have since been told by a scientific friend that this can be accounted for. The nerves of the face, when I stood sideways, were struck by the current laterally, and therefore, not so naturally as when the face was set towards it: because, as all the the provisions of nature exhibit preservation of forces, the nerves of the face in meeting the wind naturally—that is, when the man is walking—are so placed in relation to the wind, as to offer the least possible amount of nervous surface to its influence.

As suddenly as I had been struck with the cause of the current I obtained another means of ascertaining my way. I turned to the wall of skulls which flanked the main road, and against which my right hand still was. Now, I thought, that side of each skull which receives the warm current precisely as my face received it, will, from its action, be drier than the other side, which has been infinitely less open to the influence of the comparatively drying influence of this external atmosphere.

It was as I thought. The right side of the skull—that is, the side which was right when I stood with my back to the wall—was smoother than the left; so it was with twenty other skulls. I was not in error, and my heart beat wildly. It was clear, let me follow this clue, and sooner or latter it must lead me to the entrance.

But there was a fault!

I knew that we had come along the road which lay to my left; the current blew from the right. One of two causes accounted for this. Either I had become confused in my memory of the locality, and the right was my road, or there was more than one entrance to these vaults. I decided to move to the right. I never learnt afterwards how many miles I really did travel; to me it seemed hundreds. I went on and on. Sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but

always surely. I knew that sooner or later I must come to a door. When I came to one of the transverse cuttings, of course I had to make several steps at random. The duration of those steps seemed years. My fingers trembled with agony until they touched once more, the re-assuring line of skulls. Sometimes I missed the clue both of the drier side of the skull and the test of heat on my face by turning it sideways, but I soon regained it by continuing on. I suppose that at those times I was skirting curves. How many hours I spent in that wondrous walk, that logical deduction, if so I may call it, I only knew when I was once more in the open air. If I had sat down and waited for help I should either have gone mad or idiotic, or have killed myself. Depend on it, reader, no matter how bad your condition, in whatever fix you may be placed, there is no help like your own.

I used to hear—I am speaking of my incarceration as though it lasted months—I used to hear the rumbling of the carriages overhead more or less distinctly, according to the depth of the stone above me. Yet it was company. That was the only noise which broke my silence—for I seemed to have gained the faculty of walking without sound—except on one dear occasion, when my heart beat so fast that I almost feared I was going to die. This was when I heard a voice—a brave, brisk, human voice—singing a blithe French chansonnette. I saw no light, but I felt sure I must be near an aperture from the catacombs, or at least a hole made for ventilating purposes, opening in some yard or workshop.

And then to think that I had to leave the spot at which I heard the pleasant sounds, and continue my journey till I found the origin of the current! I did not quit it, however, till long after the song had ceased. I called and halloed, but no reply came.

Reverting to that current once more, it was astonishing how easily I learnt its growing force, for I concentrated my whole mind upon the lesson. Ultimately, I could almost calculate the increase in its motion and temperature which so many hundred steps would yield. At last, suddenly, without any warning, the line of skulls ceased, and I touched wood!

It was a door of open lattice-work.

All looked dark beyond! But I knew I

was at the exit. I had known that, for many thousands of steps—many; and yet, when I touched the door, how I started!

What a celestial glory the day had, as it broke upon my eyes, streaming in exquisite blue rays through the chinks of the outer door which was beyond the lattice-work! I have no occasion to tell how I broke that lattice-work, how I hammered at the outer door, how I was at last released in the presence of half a dozen gendarmes (who had drawn their swords), and of a score of wondering workmen.

This was not the gate by which I had entered. If I had been immured forty-two hours (as they told me), I had passed *two nights* in the catacombs, and all that time I had never once sat down.

I found my friends in a great fright. They had only just learnt, by telegraph, that I had not reached England, and that nobody in London knew anything about me. I was ill for some time, of course; but I recovered to claim the distinction of having touched more skulls than any other man living.

HAMPSHIRE MUMMERS.—I have just witnessed a performance of the mummers in the hall of an old country house in the south-west part of Hants. I regret to find that the "act" now varies every year, and is furnished from London. The speech of Old Father Christmas is the traditional epilogue, which has not been tampered with. The *dramatis personæ* wore white trousers, and coats like tunics of printed calico, with scarfs, wooden swords, and hats covered with ribbons and artificial flowers. They represent Sir H. Havelock (who kills) Nana Sahib, and Sir Colin Campbell (who kills) Tanty Tobes (Tantia Topee), and the physician, who was distinguished by a horse-hair plume in a pointed cap. Old Father Christmas wore breeches and stockings, carried a begging-box, and conveyed himself upon two sticks; his arms were striped with chevrons like a non-commissioned officer.

"In come I, Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not;
I hope Old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
Christmas comes but once a-year,
When it comes it brings good cheer:
Roast beef, plum pudding,
And Christmas pie,
Who likes it better than I.
I was born in lands
Where there was no one to make my cradle,
They first wrapped me in a bowldish,
And then in a ladle.

Where I go, I am nick-named [half silly]
And hump-backed;
My father was an Irishman,
My mother was an Irishman.
My sister Suke
Cocked an eye,
And played the rattat-too.
My father he was a soldier bold
As I used to often hear them say,
They used to fight with great big sticks,
And often run away;
There's no such fighting in our time,
They fight with sword and gun,
And when in battle forced to go
There is no chance to run.
In comes I, little Twing-Twang,
I am the lieutenant of the press gang;
Also I press young men and women
To go board man-of-war.
Likewise Little Johnny Jack,
My wife and family at my back;
Although that they be any small.
If you do not give me lamb, bread, and onions,
I'll starve them one and all.
Likewise Little Jackie John,
If a man want to fight
Let him come on;
I'll cut and hack 'um
Small's the dust.
Send Uncle Harry
To make piecrust
For my dinner to-morrow."

MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A., F.S.A.

—Notes and Queries.

MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
 Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
 A fitting guide, with light, but reverent tread,
 Into that mountain mystery! First a lake
 Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
 Of far receding hills; and yet more far,
 Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
 His rosy forehead to the evening star.
 Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid
 His head against the West, whose warm light
 made
 His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
 Like a shaft of lightning in mid launching
 stayed,
 A single level cloud-line, shone upon
 By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
 Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
 The great woods climbed the mountain at our
 back:

And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
 On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
 The brown old farmhouse like a bird's nest
 hung.

With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
 The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
 The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
 The pasture bars that clattered as they fell;
 Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the
 gate

Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry
 weight

Of sun-brown children, listening, while they
 swung,

The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
 And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings
 clear,

The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
 Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path
 we took,

Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
 Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
 Like one to whom the far-off is most near:

"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look:
 I love it for my good old mother's sake,
 Who lived and died here in the peace of
 God!"

The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
 As silently we turned the eastern flank
 Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
 Doubling the night along our rugged road:
 We felt that man was more than his abode,—
 The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
 And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
 The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and
 dim

Before the saintly soul, whose human will
 Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
 Making her homely toil and household ways
 An earthly echo of the song of praise
 Swelling from angel lips and harps of sera-
 phim.

—Atlantic Monthly.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

I CANNOT pray; yet, Lord! thou know'st
 The pain it is to me
 To have my vainly struggling thoughts
 Thus torn away from thee.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
 Or selfish pastime sweet;
 It is the prostrate creature's place
 At his Creator's feet.

Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
 But in the thoughts of thee,
 Prayer would have come unsought, and been
 A truer liberty.

Yet thou art oft most present, Lord!
 In weak, distracted prayer;
 A sinner out of heart with self,
 Most often finds thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
 From all illusions free,
 And teaches it how utterly,
 Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

The soul that on self-sacrifice
 Is dutifully bent,
 Will bless the chastening hand that makes
 Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
 And why fear aught but sin?
 Distractions are but outward things;
 Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface troubles come and go
 Like rufflings of the sea;
 The deeper depth is out of reach
 To all, my God, but thee!

FABER.

MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

We glory in tribulation also.—ROM. 5:3.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
 So little worth doth hidden lie
 Most rare and subtle fragrance.

Would'st thou in secret strength unbind?
 Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
 Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
 Of shape or lustre, patient care
 Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay,
 With file and flint to clear away
 The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart;
 It must be crushed by pain and smart,
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
 Ere it will shine a jewel meet
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—Hymns of the Ages.